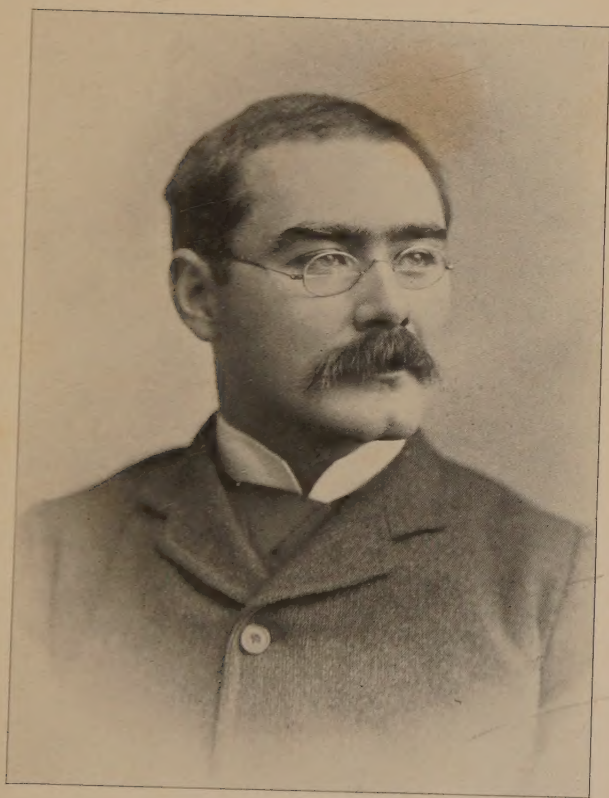


KIPLING'S POEMS



RUDYARD KIPLING

KIPLING'S POEMS

Edited, with an *Introductory
Essay*, by WALLACE RICE

FULLY ANNOTATED



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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

*This volume contains all the verses by Mr. Rudyard Kipling originally printed in "Departmental Ditties" and "Barrack-Room Ballads," with most of those added as "Other Verses" to the earlier English editions of the foregoing. It also brings together for the first time the verses from his prose works published under the various titles of "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Soldiers Three," "In Black and White," "American Notes," "Mine Own People," "The Court-
ing of Dinah Shadd," "The Story of the Gadsbys," "The City of Dreadful Night," "Under the Deodars," "The Phantom 'Rickshaw," "Wee Willie Winkie," and "The Light That Failed." These have been supplemented by voluminous selections from the later poems, including the Quebec stanza from "The Song of the Cities," suppressed in the American editions of his works.*

No former publication of Mr. Kipling's poetic work contains so many titles as are here brought together, while additional value is given the book by the inclusion of all his early verses, many of them hitherto ignored as poems.

THE PUBLISHERS.

RUDYARD KIPLING

Nothing has been made plainer than the impossibility of foretelling popularity for the book of any author. The judgment of experienced critics can not foresee the attitude of the reading public toward any writing, whether prose or verse, sermon or romance, carefully indited by the man of letters or hastily scrawled by the novice. Anthony Trollope made his reputation, published a book without his name — and learned he had another reputation to make. Every bookseller can bring forward examples of failure where success was thought certain, of success where failure seemed assured. But it is easy enough to look back after the verdict has been reached and think out the reasons for it; and nothing now seems more in the nature of things than the acceptance of the poems of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, once those who speak his language in many and far countries have set laurels on his brow. His methods are simple and sane; his work, for all the mystery of the East and the wider mysteries of life and love and death, is without puzzles or philosophical profundities; his rime is certain and uncomplicated, and his measures of the sort that must be sung. Yet even to this day some withhold their praise, and his earlier work was frowned upon by more than one critic of distinction. It is, indeed, the curious and ironical fate of James Kenneth Stephen, thought to be safely within the temple of fame when

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Mr. Kipling's foot was halting at the threshold, that his memory should live chiefly through his witty lines, ending —

*“ When there stands a muzzled stripling,
Mute, beside a muzzled bore ;
When the rudyards cease from kipling,
And the haggards ride no more.*

A few years later, and the fear that the young Anglo-Indian might cease from “ kipling ” sent a thrill of sympathy to follow the drumbeats of his people around the world — the two great nations of his blood standing as eager rivals in their concern. So intense was the feeling that it is certain no death in the world would be more deeply regretted, and regretted by so many conditions of men from the private soldier to the German Emperor, than that of this youthful poet and romancer, born in Bombay on the last day but one of the year 1865. The following verses, written in the days his desperate condition began to mend, are examples taken from scores of similiar expressions of relief :—

NEWS FROM A MISSING LINER

To a Convalescent

*Crawling back to port again, half her cargo shifted,
Just enough of fuel left to steam her to the pier ;
Plunging through an icy gale when the fog has shifted,
Battered by the breakers, but her lights a-burning
clear !*

Rudyard Kipling

Hope almost abandoned — days and nights she floundered —

Nights when not a star was out, and no sea-lights were near;

All the world believed her lost; men despaired, but wondered

How the liner could be wrecked and Kipling there to steer!

Now she makes her harbor lights, glides through seas enchanted —

Whistles shrieking gayly, and thousands at the pier;

On the bridge the Captain, pale and worn — undaunted!

“ Welcome back to life again ! ” Hear the people cheer!

— “ DROCH,” in the New York Tribune.

TO RUDYARD KIPLING, ESQ., FROM THOMAS ATKINS.

There's a reg' lar run on papers, since we 'eard that you was ill;

An you might be in a 'orspital; the barracks is so stiil;

We 'ave all been mighty anxious, since we 'eard it on parade;

An' we ain't no cowards neither, but I own we was afraid,

An' we all prayed 'ard and earnest;

“ O Gawd, don't take 'im yet !

Just let 'im stop and 'elp us;

An' warn, ‘ Lest we forget ’ ! ”

Rudyard Kipling

The sergeant said: "'E won't get round. It's 'three rounds blank' for 'im!

'E won't write no more stories!" And our 'opes was bloomin' dim.

But you 'ad always 'elped T. Atkins, an' though things did look blue —

Well! we ain't much 'ands at prayin', but we did our best for you.

'E mustn't die; we want 'im!

O Gawd, don't take 'im yet;

Spare 'im a little longer!

'E wrote "Lest we forget"!

We 'eard that you was fightin' 'ard — just as we knew you would;

But we 'ardly 'oped you'd turn 'is flank; they said you 'ardly could.

But the news 'as come this mornin', an' I'm writin' 'ere to say,

There's no British son more 'appy than your old friend Thomas A.

O Gawd, we're all so grateful

You 'ave left 'im with us yet,

To 'old us in, and 'alt us,

Lest we, "Lest we forget"!

—J. O. C., in the London Times.

Rudyard Kipling

SAHIB SALAAM !

*Mulvaney roars, with clash of can,
" We dhrink his Honor's health ! "
While Ortheris, the little man,
Wipes both his eyes by stealth
To chime " 'Is 'ealth ! " at Learoyd's cheer —
The first in many a day
And even Dinah welcomes beer
As better than the sullen tear
That stifled hope and doubled fear
What time she sought to pray.*

*And many a man and boy beside
And many a wife and maid
With Stanley Ortheris have cried,
With Dinah Shadd have prayed:
The Seven Seas we Saxons boast
Our nations, big with wealth,
Are echoing from coast to coast
The murmur of a mighty host,
Who cheer wi' Jock, drink Terence' toast ;
Then: Here's his Honor's health !*

*He lives and never better tale
He told, nor yet shall tell,
Though through the years with golden sail
Should his Three Deckers swell ;
The song's not writ to end his list ;
New life, a freer breath
Shall e'en from that dark valley's mist —
But that's another story — whist ! —*

SAHIB, SALAAM ! we have dismissed
The Phantom 'Rickshaw, death.

— WALLACE RICE, in the *Kipling Note-Book*.

Rudyard Kipling

Turning from the man to his work again, it will be recalled that Mr. Henry James found two good reasons for the high favor won by Mr. Kipling: first in the freshness of his stories, and then in the suspense caused by a belief that this freshness could not last. Every one admits the pricelessness of the ability to tell a new thing well or an old thing better; and Mr. James has told us, doubtless, why so young a man should attain so high an eminence. He has novelty, he has force and courage, he has insight into the human heart, he has a new stage setting for his characters, and he has something to say. Always, at all times, he is a storyteller. His individuality, energy, bravery, character, call it by any name you will, appears in all he writes. He is always interesting, he is always convincing, and we never know what he is going to tell us next. No line can be drawn between Mr. Kipling's prose and verse in these respects — each aids the other in attaining the results he seeks. None of his volumes is unmixed: his prose works contain original poems taken as texts, poems woven into the narrative, and tales told in one medium as in the other; his poetical works contain much that appears in the others as prose, the mere use of rime and rhythm changing its character not at all. The shorter stories are generally in verse, the longer, in prose; but the "Departmental Ditties" are without poetic quality, while the longest poem Mr. Kipling has written, "The Children of the Zodiac," is not metrified.

There are in English to-day two widely different predilections toward what is technically called poetry, and it is the extraordinary good fortune of Mr. Kip-

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ling to stand alone in making appeal direct to the lovers of both varieties. One sort is found in the volumes of verse, tiny in size and as admirable as they are unassuming, which are appearing all over the huge English-speaking world at the rate of several a week. The poems in these books, of delicate workmanship, charming content, and almost perfect loveliness, still make, in the present condition of public taste, but a limited appeal. Yet slight acquaintance with them will justify the assertion that nothing so beautiful and so voluminous has been seen in the world before. The other species of verse, called popular, is to be read in the daily papers usually, in the weekly and monthly periodicals frequently, and, when set to music, forms the customary song of the variety theater and the street. Viewed in the light of literary art, this latter sort of verse, it need hardly be said, is inferior to the other in almost every conceivable respect, the most palpable difference, however, lying in the treatment, or technique.

In respect of his own verse, Mr. Kipling, it is quite accurate to say, combines the matter of the better verse with the manner of the worse. As is perfectly plain, all his poems go to one tune or another—and these tunes are never of strange meter or unusual accompaniment, but always simple, straightforward, old fashioned—such melodies, in fine, as can be whistled after a single hearing, whether that be in church or out of it. It is a curious proof of the insistence of the air behind his poems that one of the greatest of them, "The Hanging of Danny Deevee," has been set to music by several hands, but always to what is, after all, the same melody. The eminence of the composers

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forbids the thought of borrowing, so it is evident that the similarity is intrinsic — the poet having made his verses to a dead march, the musicians have been compelled to arrive at a single result.

Tunes, lilts, chants, these are always dear to the heart of man. It was this fact that old Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun had in mind when, though himself a lawyer, he set the ballads of a nation before its laws. If Mr. Kipling had done nothing more than set good new stories to good old tunes, his acceptance as a popular poet would be assured. His stories are new and good, as has been shown; his insistent rhythm, seldom varied and never experimented with, disappoints few of his listeners, while analysis of the measures he uses shows them to be identical with those which from the beginning have been either hallowed for edification or hollowed for entertainment. Indeed, hardly one of his meters has an ascertained origin, but hearkens back to the days before written history or unchanted poetry. It requires no education of the ear to detect the stress in such songs as these; savages have been found without a belief in God, but none without knowing how to chant and dance, if only to the noise of sticks knocked together; our very hearts keep such time. Universal acceptance of such work was, therefore, fairly inevitable.

But there is much more than a mere story or mere sing-song in Mr. Kipling's poems, more than the tale of strange lands and strange folk: there is with these the force and out spokenness and joy in life which are his; and there is this subtle comprehension of the tastes of the people. The selection of strenuous rhythm and easy

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time shows a perfect understanding of the fact that metrical over-refinement will not be tolerated by the many, while its absence can be made up to the few. The choice of subjects for celebration in verse shows the same comprehension. All the world loves spicy scandal, all the world loves a fair fight, and most of the world loves scandal and fighting anyway, whether spicy or fair or not. The day is far distant, we fear, still in the bosom of an infinite future, when the tale of another's mental or moral weakness or the sound of trumpets and drums shall fail to interest the hearer. It is in this way that Mr. Kipling launches his poetic shallop; for the "Departmental Ditties" are all rimed gossip, the "Barrack-Room Ballads" all rimed fighting. And, with unerring instinct, there is in one a gibbeting of the foibles or vices of the ruling class, and in the other a reaching back of the commanders and the pageantry of war to the hearts of the soldiery and the bowels of the machinery of it. It is generally the private, seldom the subaltern, never the general: Mr. Kipling uses pawns more than pieces in his chess.

From the earlier gossip of the "Ditties" Mr. Kipling broadens out into an extended exposition of the difficulties of life. Beginning as a mere satirist and humorist, he makes his way from the particular to the general, as in "The Vampire" or "Tomlinson," until he attains a moralism not unlike Thackeray's after a similar evolution. From the bloodthirstiness of the "Ballads" and a note hardly more than Tyrtæan, through such a song as that of "The Widow at Windsor," he passes to the abstract thought of the "dear, dear land," the "precious stone set in a silver sea" of

Rudyard Kipling

Shakespeare, and from that again out over the enormous stretches of territory which British restlessness and aggression have wrung from a medley of inferior races. The two manners he combines in "The Recessional."

But the poet does not rest here. His view extends until one sweep of his poetic vision can include that newer and vaster England wherein the future of our race has yet to be worked out, the United States of America. It is here that Mr. Kipling attests the accuracy of Fletcher's ancient saying; for, as there can be little doubt in the minds of Englishmen that it is to Kipling they owe their vivid conception of the British Empire, so the American knows himself indebted to him for the panorama in which the land he loves "more, far more than other men love theirs," is given its place as part of that tremendous whole, the Dual Empire of the Anglo-Celt. If Great Britain and the United States are standing shoulder to shoulder in the van of human progress to-day, or at any day in the future are so to stand, it is due not to an act of Parliament or of Congress, not to a treaty between extraordinaries and plenipotentiaries nor to any other law written and subscribed by the two great cousinly powers, but to the ballads of one Rudyard Kipling, a man born in India, educated in England, and married in America.

This extension of an ancient saw to cover a double empire and an imperial race is, undoubtedly, the most stupendous of the achievements of Mr. Kipling or of any other modern. But he has performed other services, less conspicuous, but not less notable. He has

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emboldened the hearts of the singers of the day, even while he teaches a thoughtless and regardless world that poetry paves the one royal highway to the heart of man. For a generation the poet and the people have been growing far and farther apart. In Mr. Kipling they become united once more. He not only shows they can be one, but he makes them one. This amounts to the discovery of a lost art. We learn that poetry can still make a universal appeal: that for lovers of Browning and Emerson, of Longfellow and Tennyson, of Watts-Dunton and John Hay, of Bliss Carman and Will Carleton, of Mrs. Meynell and Mrs. Wilcox, there is still a spot of ground large enough for all to stand. Before Mr. Kipling this was thought impossible; and even now it would be 'incredible if it was not self-evident. To the astonished critic this appears as a feat hardly less difficult than that of awakening the sense of racial identity in the Anglo-Celtic nations.

There is a corollary from this, too, which is of vast importance. The unification of British and American ideals is, after all, of less importance than the preservation of the national life of either of them. Better the bringing into focus the diverging rays of our modern life within these borders than the kindling of a mighty fire without them. It is not a light matter, though it is wholly disregarded, when economic classes with clashing interests find themselves at odds in all their esthetic interests as well. One poetry, one romance, one literature for the well-to-do and another for the worker is not a thing to be viewed without alarm in a democracy. Such being the case, it is a great result attained when the singer of songs and teller of stories

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has given the whole community a point of mental contact, a center of conversation and feeling of common interest. Mr. Kipling's services to the land in which he has made his home for several years have been very real, and more than a repayment for any hospitality which the American people can extend to him.

From what a man has done to what a man will do is a far cry—the modern critic is better at exegesis than at prophecy. But in view of the fact that Mr. Kipling has already exploited at least three new worlds, the probability of a fourth and fifth does not seem too remote—though even the barest suggestion of what they may be is, of course, impossible. Whether Mr. Kipling has written a novel or a poem in the fullest sense of the words, others may settle—it is sufficiently evident that he has by no means reached his full literary stature. There are heights and depths in humanity not yet fathomed, beauties of nature not yet disclosed, and this swiftly moving modern world of ours is leagues ahead of its chroniclers. “Narrow as the womb, deep as the Pit, and dark as the heart of a man,” is a native proverb he quotes with evident approval. Let us then argue from the past to the future of the poet with the assurance that whatever the hand of Rudyard Kipling may find to do will be done with all his might, and that whatever work Rudyard Kipling would undertake is even now on the knees of the gods to be given him for the asking.

THE EDITOR.

“Ingleside,”
Woodlawn Park, Illinois,
April 4, 1899.

Rudyard Kipling

WINNER OF THREE WORLDS

*Alexander marched,
Thousands fled and feared;
Prince Siddârtha preached
Where these myriads throng;
Then the Great Mogul,
Sword in hand, besmeared
All the countryside;
Warriors red with wrong
Tramped the people down.
So the English came:
Portuguese and French
Fled their banner's flame;
Rajput, Mahrât, Sikh,
Fear their weighty name.
'Neath some conqueror's yoke
Ever bow the folk,
Simple, tearless, dumb—
Will a spokesman come?
Time his centuries broods
While there pass from sight
Countless multitudes
In the gods' despite.—
Generals a store,
Statesmen, prophets, kings,
Emperors galore,
These some minstrel sings;
But the common herd
Bowing to their curse,
Who hath voiced their word?
Who hath made their verse?*

Rudyard Kipling

*Rustling through the rûkh,
In the air a-gleam,
Roaring on the plain,
Eagles in the sky,
Seals by arctic ice,
Beasts of sea and stream,
Bred to war and love,
Born that they might die ;
These have histories,
These have fought and won,
Wooed the moon beneath,
Basked in noonday sun ;
Down in violence
To red death they run,
Slow and sighing fate
Sits not at their gate —
Void of human speech,
Who their thought will reach ?
Æons, æons through,
Mighty ones and small
For our pity sue
And in silence fall.—
Slaughterers amain,
Slayers bright with blood,
Sing their scores of slain,
Hymn their hardihood ;
But the beast and bird,
Serpent, seal, and bee,
Who hath voiced their word ?
Known their poetry ?*

Winner of Three Worlds

*Man hath made machines,
Toiled with head and arm,
Bowed unto his will
Wood and stone and steel,
Bored the bowelled earth,
Wrenched out, living, warm
Coal and ore and rock,
Made them all to feel,
Joined with subtle skill;
Hammering here and there
Wrought he patiently,
Now with gentle care,
Now with might and main,
Now with praise and prayer.
Though man win his fight,
Though he prove his sleight—
Whatsoe'er his deed,
Doth the poet heed?
Vainly, years on end,
Sweating to the soul
Artisans might rend
Earth from pole to pole.—
Voyagers put out,
Sail an unknown stead—
Their work, slim or stout,
Bards have trumpeted;
But when engines whirred,
Baffling space and time,
Who hath voiced their word?
Caught their throbbing rime?*

Rudyard Kipling

*Old our world and tired,
Slow its pulses beat,
Heavy laden, worn,
Burdened with its sins.
Books without an end
Staring eyeballs meet —
Weariness of flesh,
Waggings of weak chins
Telling this or that —
Who hath known or cared?
Then, while days are dull,
Feeling, sense impaired,
Suddenly ourselves
To the World stand bared —
Our poor, trivial selves
Where the Devil delves.
And not we alone:
Races all unknown.
Bird and beast and bee,
Men of saddened skin,
Steel and stone and tree
Prove our brother-kin;
These have found their voice,
Joined with ours their lot —
Weep they or rejoice,
Sing they, sing they not.
Three new worlds have stirred,
Hailed us fellow men,
Born of Kipling's word,
Quick from Kipling's pen.*

WALLACE RICE.

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DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES

PRELUDE

I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine,
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives that ye led were mine.

Was there aught that I did not share
In vigil or toil or ease,—
One joy or woe that I did not know,
Dear hearts across the seas ?

I have written the tale of our life
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise — but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth.

GENERAL SUMMARY

We are very slightly changed
From the semi-apes who ranged
 India's prehistoric clay ;
Whoso drew the longest bow,
Ran his brother down, you know,
 As we run men down to-day.

"Dowb," the first of all his race,
Met the Mammoth face to face
 On the lake or in the cave,
Stole the steadiest canoe,
Ate the quarry others slew,
 Died — and took the finest grave.

When they scratched the reindeer-bone,
Some one made the sketch his own,
 Filched it from the artist — then,
Even in those early days,
Won a simple Viceroy's praise
 Through the toil of other men.
Ere they hewed the Sphinx's visage
Favoritism governed kissage,
Even as it does in this age.

Who shall doubt the secret hid
Under Cheops' pyramid
Was that the contractor did
 Cheops out of several millions ?

Departmental Ditties

Or that Joseph's sudden rise
To Comptroller of Supplies
Was a fraud of monstrous size
On King Pharaoh's swart Civilians ?

Thus, the artless songs I sing
Do not deal with anything
New or never said before.
As it was in the beginning,
Is to-day official sinning,
And shall be forever more.

ARMY HEADQUARTERS

Old is the song that I sing —
Old as my unpaid bills —
Old as the chicken that *kitmatgars* bring
Men at dāk-bungalows — old as the Hills.

Ahasuerus Jenkins of the “ Operatic Own ”
Was dowered with a tenor voice of *super*-Santley tone,
His views on equitation were, perhaps, a trifle queer ;
He had no seat worth mentioning, but oh ! he had
an ear.

He clubbed his wretched company a dozen times
a day,
He used to quit his charger in a parabolic way,
His method of saluting was the joy of all beholders,
But Ahasuerus Jenkins had a head upon his shoulders.

He took two months to Simla when the year was at
the spring,
And underneath the deodars eternally did sing.
He warbled like a *bulbul*, but particularly at
Cornelia Agrippina, who was musical and fat.

Kitmatgars: House-servants.

Dāk-bungalows: Wayside inns.

Deodars: Several sorts of trees; at Simla, a cypress.

Bulbul: Nightingale (Persian).

Departmental Ditties

She controlled a humble husband, who in turn controlled a Dept.,
Where Cornelia Agrippina's human singing birds were kept
From April to October on a plump retaining fee,
Supplied, of course, *per mensem*, by the Indian Treasury.

Cornelia used to sing with him, and Jenkins used to play ;
He praised unblushingly her notes, for he was false as they :
So when the winds of April turned the budding roses brown,
Cornelia told her husband : " Tom, you must n't send him down."

They haled him from his regiment, which did n't much regret him ;
They found for him an office stool, and on that stool they set him,
To play with maps and catalogues three idle hours a day,
And draw his plump retaining fee — which means his double pay.

Now, ever after dinner, when the coffee-cups are brought,
Ahasuerus wailleth o'er the grand pianoforte ;
And, thanks to fair Cornelia, his fame hath waxen great,
And Ahasuerus Jenkins is a power in the State.

Per mensem : By the month.

*STUDY OF AN ELEVATION,
IN INDIAN INK*

This ditty is a string of lies;
But—how the deuce did Gubbins rise?

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
Stands at the top of the tree;
And I muse in my bed on the reasons that led
To the hoisting of Potiphar G.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
Is seven years junior to me;
Each bridge that he makes he either buckles or
breaks,
And his work is as rough as he.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
Is coarse as a chimpanzee;
And I can't understand why you gave him your
hand,
Lovely Mehitabel Lee.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
Is dear to the Powers that Be;
For They bow and They smile in an affable style
Which is seldom accorded to Me.

C. E.: Civil Engineer.

Departmental Ditties

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
Is certain as certain can be
Of a highly paid post which is claimed by a host
Of seniors — including Me.

Careless and lazy is he,
Greatly inferior to Me.
What is the spell that you manage so well,
Commonplace Potiphar G.?

Lovely Mehitabel Lee,
Let me inquire of thee,
Should I have riz to what Potiphar is,
Hadst thou been mated to Me?

A LEGEND OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE

This is the reason why Rustum Beg,
Rajah of Kolazai,
Drinketh the "simpkin" and brandy peg,
Maketh the money to fly,
Vexeth a Government tender and kind,
Also — but this is a detail — blind.

Rustum Beg, of Kolazai.—slightly backward native
State —

Lusted for a C. S. I.,— so began to sanitate.
Built a Jail and Hospital — nearly built a City drain —
Till his faithful subjects all thought their ruler was
insane.

Strange departures made he then — yea, Departments
stranger still,
Half a dozen Englishmen helped the Rajah with a will,
Talked of noble aims and high, hinted of a future fine
For the State of Kolazai, on a strictly Western line.

Rajah Rustum held his peace; lowered octroi dues
a half;

Organized a State Police; purified the Civil Staff;

Beg: Bey, a prince.

Rajah: A native prince.

Simpkin: Native corruption of "champagne."

Peg: A drink generally of brandy and soda.

C. S. I.: Companion of the Star of India.

Octroi: Duties paid for supplies entering a city.

Departmental Ditties

Settled cess and tax afresh in a very liberal way ;
Cut temptations of the flesh — also cut the Bukhshi's
pay.

Roused his Secretariat to a fine Mahratta fury,
By a hookum hinting at supervision of *dasturi* ;
Turned the State of Kolazai very nearly upside down ;
When the end of May was nigh, waited his achievement crown.

Then the Birthday Honors came. Sad to state and
sad to see,
Stood against the Rajah's name nothing more than
C. I. E. !

.

Things were lively for a week in the State of Kolazai.
Even now the people speak of that time regretfully.

How he disendowed the Jail — stopped at once the
City drain ;
Turned to beauty fair and trail — got his senses back
again ;
Doubled taxes, cesses, all ; cleared away each new-
built *thana* ;
Turned the two-lakh Hospital into a superb *Zenana*.

Cess: Assessment.

Bukhshi: European drill-officer.

Hookum: Edict, proclamation.

Dasturi: Perquisites, or commissions on purchases.

C. I. E.: Companion of the Indian Empire.

Thana: Calaboose.

Two-lakh: Rs. 200,000; about \$50,000.

Zenana: Women's quarters; harem.

A Legend of the Foreign Office

Heaped upon the Bukhshi Sahib wealth and honors
manifold;

Clad himself in Eastern garb — squeezed his people
as of old.

Happy, happy Kolazai! Never more will Rustum
Beg

Play to catch the Viceroy's eye. He prefers the
“simpkin” peg.

THE STORY OF URIAH

“Now there were two men in one city ; the one rich and the other poor.”

Jack Barrett went to Quetta
Because they told him to.
He left his wife at Simla
On three fourths his monthly screw :
Jack Barrett died at Quetta
Ere the next month's pay he drew.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta.
He did n't understand
The reason of his transfer
From the pleasant mountain-land :
The season was September,
And it killed him out of hand.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta,
And there gave up the ghost,
Attempting two men's duty
In that very healthy post ;
And Mrs. Barrett mourned for him
Five lively months at most.

Jack Barrett's bones at Quetta
Enjoy profound repose ;

The Story of Uriah

But I should n't be astonished
If *now* his spirit knows
The reason of his transfer
From the Himalayan snows.

And, when the Last Great Bugle Call
Adown the Hurnai throbs,
When the last grim joke is entered
In the big black Book of Jobs,
And Quetta graveyards give again
Their victims to the air,
I should n't like to be the man
Who sent Jack Barrett there.

Hurnai: A pass in the Himalayas.

THE POST THAT FITTED

Though tangled and twisted the course of true love,
This ditty explains
No tangle's so tangled it can not improve
If the Lover has brains.

Ere the steamer bore him Eastward, Sleary was
engaged to marry
An attractive girl at Tunbridge, whom he called "my
little Carrie."

Sleary's pay was very modest; Sleary was the other
way.

Who can cook a two-plate dinner on eight paltry dibs
a day?

Long he pondered o'er the question in his scanty
furnished quarters—

Then proposed to Minnie Boffkin, eldest of Judge
Boffkin's daughters.

Certainly an impecunious subaltern was not a catch,
But the Boffkins knew that Minnie might n't make
another match.

So they recognized the business, and, to feed and
clothe the bride,
Got him made a Something Something somewhere on
the Bombay side.

Dibs: Rupees.

The Post That Fitted .

Anyhow, the billet carried pay enough for him to marry —

As the artless Sleary put it : “ Just the thing for me and Carrie.”

Did he, therefore, jilt Miss Boffkin — impulse of a baser mind ?

No ! He started epileptic fits of an appalling kind.

(Of his *modus operandi* only this much I could gather :—

“ Pears’ shaving sticks will give you little taste and lots of lather.”)

Frequently in public places his affliction used to smite Sleary with distressing vigor — always in the Boffkins’ sight.

Ere a week was over Minnie weepingly returned his ring,

Told him his “ unhappy weakness ” stopped all thought of marrying.

Sleary bore the information with a chastened holy joy,—

Epileptic fits don’t matter in political employ,—

Wired three short words to Carrie—took his ticket, packed his kit—

Bade farewell to Minnie Boffkin in one last, long, lingering fit.

Modus operandi: Way to go about it.

Departmental Ditties

Four weeks later Carrie Sleary read — and laughed
until she wept —

Mrs. Boffkin's warning letter on the "wretched
epilept."

Year by year, in pious patience, vengeful Mrs. Boff-
kin sits

Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop Sleary's fits.

PUBLIC WASTE

Walpole talks of "a man and his price."

List to a ditty queer—

The sale of a Deputy-Acting-Vice-

Resident-Engineer,

Bought like a bullock, hoof and hide,

By the Little Tin Gods on the Mountain Side.

By the Laws of the Family Circle 't is written in letters
of brass

That only a Colonel from Chatham can manage the
Railways of State,

Because of the gold on his breeks, and the subjects
wherein he must pass;

Because in all matters that deal not with Railways his
knowledge is great.

Now Exeter Battleby Tring had labored from boyhood
to eld

On the Lines of the East and the West, and eke of
the North and South;

Many Lines had he built and surveyed—important
the posts which he held;

And the Lords of the Iron Horse were dumb when he
opened his mouth.

Black as the raven his garb, and his heresies jettier
still—

Hinting that Railways required lifetimes of study and
knowledge;

Breeks: Scotch for trousers.

Departmental Ditties

Never clanked sword by his side — Vauban he knew
not, nor drill —

Nor was his name on the list of the men who had
passed through the “College.”

Wherefore the Little Tin Gods harried their little tin
souls,

Seeing he came not from Chatham, jingled no spurs
at his heels,

Knowing that, nevertheless, was he first on the Gov-
ernment rolls

For the billet of “Railway Instructor to Little Tin
Gods on Wheels.”

Letters not seldom they wrote him, “having the
honor to state,”

It would be better for all men if he were laid on the
shelf :

Much would accrue to his bank book, and he con-
sented to wait

Until the Little Tin Gods built him a berth for himself.

“Special, well paid, and exempt from the Law of the
Fifty and Five,

Even to Ninety and Nine”—these were the terms of
the pact :

Thus did the Little Tin Gods (long may Their High-
nesses thrive !)

Silence his mouth with rupees, keeping their Circle
intact ;

Vauban : The great French authority on fortification and siege.

Public Waste

Appointing a Colonel from Chatham who managed
the Bhamo State Line,

(The which was one mile and one furlong — a guaranteed twenty-inch gauge).

So Exeter Battleby Tring consented his claims to
resign,

And died, on four thousand a month, in the ninetieth
year of his age.

Four thousand rupees a month : About \$1,000.

DELILAH

We have another Viceroy now, those days are dead and done,
Of Delilah Aberyswith and depraved Ulysses Gunne.

Delilah Aberyswith was a lady — not too young —
With a perfect taste in dresses, and a badly bitted
tongue,
With a thirst for information, and a greater thirst for
praise,
And a little house in Simla, in the prehistoric days.

By reason of her marriage to a gentleman in power,
Delilah was acquainted with the gossip of the hour;
And many little secrets, of a half-official kind,
Were whispered to Delilah, and she bore them all in
mind.

She patronized extensively a man, Ulysses Gunne,
Whose mode of earning money was a low and shame-
ful one.

He wrote for divers papers, which, as everybody
knows,
Is worse than serving in a shop or scaring off the
crows.

He praised her “queenly beauty” first; and, later on,
he hinted
At the “vastness of her intellect” with compliments
unstinted.

Delilah

He went with her a-riding, and his love for her was
such

That he lent her all his horses, and — she galled them
very much.

One day, THEY brewed a secret of a fine financial
sort ;

It related to Appointments, to a Man, and a Report.

'T was almost worth the keeping (only seven people
knew it),

And Gunne rose up to seek the truth and patiently
ensue it.

It was a Viceroy's Secret, but — perhaps the wine
was red —

Perhaps an aged Councilor had lost his aged head —
Perhaps Delilah's eyes were bright — Delilah's whis-
pers sweet —

The Aged Member told her what 't were treason to
repeat.

Ulysses went a-riding, and they talked of love and
flowers ;

Ulysses went a-calling, and he called for several hours ;

Ulysses went a-waltzing, and Delilah helped him
dance —

Ulysses let the waltzes go, and waited for his chance.

The summer sun was setting, and the summer air
was still,

The couple went a-walking in the shade of Summer
Hill,

Departmental Ditties

The wasteful sunset faded out in turkis-green and
gold,

Ulysses pleaded softly and—that bad Delilah told!

Next morn a startled Empire learnt the all-important
news;

Next week the Aged Councilor was shaking in his
shoes;

Next month I met Delilah, and she did not show the
least

Hesitation in affirming that Ulysses was a “beast.”

.

We have another Viceroy now, those days are dead
and done,

Of Delilah Aberyswith and most mean Ulysses
Gunne!

WHAT HAPPENED

Hurree Chunder Mookergee, pride of Bow Bazar,
Owner of a native press, "Barrishter-at-Lar,"
Waited on the Government with a claim to wear
Sabres by the bucketful, rifles by the pair.

Then the Indian Government winked a wicked wink,
Said to Chunder Mookerjee: "Stick to pen and ink,
They are safer implements; but, if you insist,
We will let you carry arms wheresoe'er you list."

Hurree Chunder Mookerjee sought the gunsmith and
Bought the tubes of Lancaster, Ballard, Dean, and
Bland,
Bought a shiny bowie-knife, bought a town-made
sword,
Jingled like a carriage-horse when he went abroad.

But the Indian Government, always keen to please,
Also gave permission to horrid men like these —
Yar Mahomed Yusufzai, down to kill or steal,
Chimbu Singh from Bikaneer, Tantia the Bhil.

Killar Khan the Marri chief, Jowar Singh the Sikh,
Nubbee Baksh Punjabi Jat, Abdul Huq Rafiq —

Khan: Chief.

Sikh: A religious sect, specifically a fighting man.

Departmental Ditties

He was a Wahabi ; last, little Boh Hla-oo
Took advantage of the act — took a Snider, too.

They were unenlightened men, Ballard knew them
not,
They procured their swords and guns, chiefly on the
spot,
And the lore of centuries, plus a hundred fights,
Made them slow to disregard one another's rights

With a unanimity dear to patriot hearts
All those hairy gentlemen out of foreign parts
Said : “ The good old days are back — let us go to
war ! ”
Swaggered down the Grand Trunk Road, into Bow
Bazar.

Nubbee Baksh Punjabi Jat found a hide-bound flail,
Chimbu Sinkh from Bikaner oiled his Tonk jezail,
Yar Mahommed Yusufzai spat and grinned with glee
As he ground the butcher-knife of the Khyberee.

Jowar Singh the Sikh procured saber, quoit, and
mace,
Abdul Huq, Wahabi, took the dagger from its place,
While amid the jungle-grass danced and grinned and
jabbered
Little Boh Hla-oo and cleared the dah-blade from the
scabbard.

Wahabi : A Moslem sect.

Dah-blade : The Burmese sword-blade, a sort of machete.

What Happened

What became of Mookerjee ? Soothly, who can say ?
Yar Mahommed only grins in a nasty way,
Jowar Singh is reticent, Chimbu Singh is mute,
But the belts of them all simply bulge with loot.

What became of Ballard's guns ? Afghans black and
grubby
Sell them for their silver weight to the men of Pubbi ;
And the shiny bowie-knife and the town-made sword
are
Hanging in a Marri camp just across the Border.

What became of Mookerjee ? Ask Mahommed Yar
Prodding Siva's sacred bull down the Bow Bazar.
Speak to placid Nubbee Baksh — question land and
sea —
Ask the Indian Congressmen — only don't ask me !

PINK DOMINOES

“They are fools who kiss and tell,”
Wisely has the poet sung.
Man may hold all sorts of posts
If he ’ll only hold his tongue.

Jenny and Me were engaged, you see,
On the eve of the Fancy Ball ;
So a kiss or two was nothing to you
Or any one else at all.

Jenny would go in a domino —
Pretty and pink but warm ;
While I attended, clad in a splendid
Austrian uniform.

Now we had arranged, through notes exchanged
Early that afternoon,
At Number Four to waltz no more,
But to sit in the dusk and spoon.

(I wish you to see that Jenny and me
Had barely exchanged our troth ;
So a kiss or two was strictly due
By, from, and between us both.)

When Three was over, an eager lover,
I fled to the gloom outside ;
And a Domino came out also
Whom I took for my future bride.

Pink Dominoes

That is to say, in a casual way,
I slipped my arm around her ;
With a kiss or two (which is nothing to you),
And ready to kiss I found her.

She turned her head and the name she said
Was certainly not my own ;
But ere I could speak, with a smothered shriek
She fled and left me alone.

Then Jenny came, and I saw with shame
She 'd doffed her domino ;
And I had embraced an alien waist —
But I did not tell her so.

Next morn I knew that there were two
Dominoes pink, and one
Had cloaked the spouse of Sir Julian Vouse,
Our big political gun.

Sir J. was old, and her hair was gold,
And her eye was a blue cerulean ;
And the name she said when she turned her head
Was not in the least like "Julian."

Now was n't it nice, when want of *pice*
Forbade us twain to marry,
That old Sir J., in the kindest way,
Made me his *Secretarry* ?

Pice: \$0.00125 = about $\frac{1}{800}$ of a rupee.

THE MAN WHO COULD WRITE

Shun — shun the Bowl ! That fatal, facile drink
Has ruined many geese who dipped their quills in 't ;
Bribe, murder, marry, but steer clear of Ink
Save when you write receipts for paid-up bills in 't
There may be silver in the "blue-back" — all
I know of is the iron and the gall.

Boanerges Blitzen, servant of the Queen,
Is a dismal failure — is a Might-have-been.
In a luckless moment he discovered men
Rise to high position through a ready pen.

Boanerges Blitzen argued, therefore : " I
With the self-same weapon can attain as high."
Only he did not possess, when he made the trial,
Wicked wit of C-lv-n, irony of L——l.

(Men who spar with Government need to back
their blows,
Something more than ordinary journalistic prose.)
Never young Civilian's prospects were so bright,
Till an Indian paper found that he could write :
Never young Civilian's prospects were so dark,
When the wretched Blitzen wrote to make his mark.

Certainly he scored it, bold and black and firm,
In that Indian paper — made his seniors squirm,
Quoted office scandals, wrote the tactless truth —
Was there ever known a more misguided youth ?

C-lv-n: Cliveden.

L——l: Lyell; high Indian officials.

The Man Who Could Write

When the rag he wrote for praised his plucky game,
Boanerges Blitzen felt that this was Fame :
When the men he wrote of, shook their heads and
 swore,
Boanerges Blitzen only wrote the more.

Posed as Young Ithuriel, resolute and grim,
Till he found promotion did n't come to him ;
Till he found that reprimands weekly were his lot,
And his many Districts curiously hot.

Till he found his furlough strangely hard to win,
Boanerges Blitzen did n't care a pin ;
Then it seemed to dawn on him something was n't
 right —
Boanerges Blitzen put it down to " spite."

Languished in a District desolate and dry ;
Watched the Local Government yearly pass him by ;
Wondered where the hitch was ; called it most
 unfair.

.

That was seven years ago — and he still is there.

MUNICIPAL

“Why is my District death-rate low?”
Said Blinks of Hezebad.
“Wells, drains, and sewage-outfalls are
My own peculiar fad.
I learned a lesson once. It ran
Thus,” quote that most veracious man:—

It was an August evening, and, in snowy garments
clad,
I paid a round of visits in the lines of Hezebad;
When, presently, my Waler saw, and did not like at
all,
A Commissariat elephant careering down the Mall.

I couldn't see the driver, and across my mind it
rushed
That the Commissariat elephant had suddenly gone
musth.
I didn't care to meet him, and I couldn't well get
down,
So I let the Waler have it, and we headed for the
town.

The buggy was a new one, and, praise Dykes, it stood
the strain,
Till the Waler jumped a bullock just above the City
Drain;

Waler: A horse of New South Wales origin.

Musth: The mad rage to which elephants are subject.

Municipal

And the next that I remember was a hurricane of
squeals,
And the creature making toothpicks of my five-foot
patent wheels.

He seemed to want the owner, so I fled, distraught
with fear,
To the Main Drain sewage-outfall while he snorted in
my ear —
Reached the four-foot drain-head safely, and, in dark-
ness and despair,
Felt the brute's proboscis fingering my terror-stiffened
hair.

Heard it trumpet on my shoulder — tried to crawl a
little higher —
Found the Main Drain sewage-outfall blocked, some
eight feet up, with mire ;
And, for twenty reeking minutes, Sir, my very mar-
row froze,
While the trunk was feeling blindly for a purchase on
my toes !

It missed me by a fraction, but my hair was turning
gray
Before they called the drivers up and dragged the
brute away.
Then I sought the City Elders, and my words were
very plain.
They flushed that four-foot drain-head, and — it never
choked again.

Departmental Ditties

You may hold with surface-drainage, and the sun-for-
garbage cure,

Till you've been a periwinkle shrinking coyly up a
sewer.

I believe in well-flushed culverts . . .

This is why the death-rate's small ;

And, if you don't believe me, get *shikarred* yourself.

That's all.

Shikarred: Hunted.

A CODE OF MORALS

Lest you should think this story true,
I merely mention I
Evolved it lately. 'T is a most
Unmitigated misstatement.

Now Jones had left his new-wed bride to keep his
house in order,
And hied away to the Hurrum Hills above the Afghan
border,
To sit on a rock with a heliograph ; but ere he left he
taught
His wife the wording of the Code that sets the miles
at naught.

And love had made him very sage, as Nature made
her fair ;
So Cupid and Apollo linked, *per* heliograph, the
pair.
At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he flashed her
counsel wise —
At e'en the dying sunset bore her husband's homilies.

He warned her 'gainst seductive youths in scarlet clad
and gold,
As much as 'gainst the blandishments paternal of the
old ;

Departmental Ditties

But kept his gravest warnings for (hereby the ditty
hangs)

That snowy-haired Lothario, Lieutenant-General
Bangs.

'T was General Bangs, with Aide and Staff, that tit-
tupped on the way,

When they beheld a heliograph tempestuously at
play ;

They thought of Border risings, and of stations sacked
and burnt —

So stopped to take the message down — and this is
what they learnt : —

“ Dash dot dot, dot, dot dash, dot dash dot ” twice.
The General swore.

“ Was ever General Officer addressed as ‘ dear ’ be-
fore ?

‘ My love, ’ i’ faith ! ‘ My Duck, ’ Gadzooks ! ‘ My
darling popsy-wop ! ’

Spirit of great Lord Wolseley, *who* is on that moun-
tain top ? ”

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute ; the gilded Staff
were still,

As, dumb with pent-up mirth, they booked that mes-
sage from the hill ;

For, clear as summer’s lightning flare, the husband’s
warning ran : —

“ Don’t dance or ride with General Bangs — a most
immoral man.”

Dash dot, etc. : “ Dear ” in the Morse alphabet.

A Code of Morals

(At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he flashed her
counsel wise—

But, howsoever Love be blind, the world at large hath
eyes.)

With damnatory dot and dash he heliographed his
wife

Some interesting details of the General's private life.

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute ; the shining Staff
were still,

And red and ever redder grew the General's shaven
gill.

And this is what he said at last (his feelings matter
not):—

“I think we've tapped a private line. Hi! Threes
about there! Trot!”

All honor unto Bangs, for ne'er did Jones thereafter
know

By word or act official who read off that helio.;

But the tale is on the Frontier, and from Michni to
Mooltan

They knew the worthy General as “that most im-
moral man.”

THE LAST DEPARTMENT

Twelve hundred million men are spread
About this Earth, and I and You
Wonder, when You and I are dead,
What will those luckless millions do.

“None whole or clean,” we cry, “or free from
stain
Of favor.” Wait a while, till we attain
The Last Department, where nor fraud nor
fools,
Nor grade nor greed, shall trouble us again.

Fear, Favor, or Affection — what are these
To the grim Head who claims our services ?
I never knew a wife or interest yet
Delay that *pukka* step, miscalled “decease ;”

When leave, long overdue, none can deny ;
When idleness of all Eternity
Becomes our furlough, and the marigold
Our thriftless, bullion-minting Treasury.

Transferred to the Eternal Settlement
Each in his strait, wood-scantled office pent,
No longer Brown reverses Smith's appeals,
Or Jones records his Minute of Dissent.

Pukka: Ripe, overripe.

The Last Department

And One, long since a pillar of the Court,
As mud between the beams thereof is wrought :
 And One who wrote on phosphates for the
 crops
Is subject-matter of his own Report.

(These be the glorious ends whereto we pass —
Let Him who Is, go call on Him who Was ;
 And He shall see the *mallie* steals the slab
For currie-grinder, and for goats the grass.)

A breath of wind, a Border bullet's flight,
A draught of water, or a horse's fright —
 The droning of the fat *Sheristadar*
Ceases, the punkah stops, and falls the night

For you or Me. Do those who live decline
The step that offers, or their work resign ?
 Trust me, To-day's Most Indispensables,
Five hundred men can take your place or mine.

Mallie: Native gardener.

Sheristadar: Native clerk of court.

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

DANNY DEEVER

“What are the bugles blowin’ for?” said Files-on-Parade.

“To turn you out, to turn you out,” the Color-Sergeant said.

“What makes you look so white, so white?” said Files-on-Parade.

“I’m dreadin’ what I’ve got to watch,” the Color Sergeant said.

For they’re hangin’ Danny Deever, you can hear
the Dead March play,

The regiment ’s in ’ollow square — they ’re hangin’
him to-day ;

They’ve taken of his buttons off an’ cut his
stripes away,

An’ they’re hangin’ Danny Deever in the mornin’.

“What makes the rear-rank breathe so ’ard?” said Files-on-Parade.

“It’s bitter cold, it’s bitter cold,” the Color-Sergeant said.

“What makes that front-rank man fall down?” says Files-on-Parade.

“A touch of sun, a touch of sun,” the Color-Sergeant said.

Barrack-Room Ballads

They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin'
of 'im round,
They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is coffin on
the ground ;
An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin',
shootin' hound —
O, they 're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

"'Is cot was right-'and cot to mine," said Files-on-Parade.

"'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the Color-Sergeant said.

"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on-Parade.

"'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Color-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark
'im to 'is place,
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin' — you must look
'im in the face ;
Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the regiment's
disgrace,
While they 're hangin' Danny Deever in the
mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun ? " said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Color-Sergeant said.

Danny Deever

"What 's that that whimpers over'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Color-Sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever, you can
'ear the quick-step play.

The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin'
us away;

Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll
want their beer to-day,

After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

TOMMY

I went into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer
The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no red-coats
here."

The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit
to die,

I outs into the street again, an' to myself sez I :

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy,
go away ;"

But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the
band begins to play,

The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins
to play.

O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band
begins to play.

I went into a theater as sober as could be,

They give a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none
for me ;

They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alis,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord ! they 'll shove
me in the stalls.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy,
wait outside ;"

But it's "Special train for Atkins," when the
trooper's on the tide,

The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the troop-
ship's on the tide.

O it's "Special train for Atkins," when the trooper's
on the tide.

Tommy

O makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you
- sleep

Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they 're starvation
cheap ;

An' hustlin' drunken sodgers when they re goin' large
a bit

Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'

“ Tommy, 'ow's yer soul ? ”

But it's “ Thin red line of 'eroes ” when the drums
begin to roll,

The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums begin
to roll.

It's a “ Thin red lize of 'eroes ” when the drums
begin to roll.

We are n't no thin red 'eroes, nor we are n't no black-
guards too,

But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you ;

An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy
paints,

Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster
saints.

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'

“ Tommy, fall be'ind ; ”

But it's “ Please to walk in front, sir,” when there's
trouble in the wind,

There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's
trouble in the wind.

And it's “ Please to walk in front, sir,” when there's
trouble in the wind.

Barrack-Room Ballads

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires,
an' all :

We 'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational,
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to
our face

The Widow's uniform is not the soldierman's disgrace.
For it 's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' " Chuck
him out, the brute ! "

But it's " Saviour of 'is country " when the guns
begin to shoot ;

An' it's Tommy this an' Tommy that, an' anything
you please ;

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool — you bet that
Tommy sees !

“FUZZY-WUZZY.”

We 've fought with many men acrost the seas,
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not :
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese ;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im ;
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
'E cut our sentries up at *Suakim*,
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.
So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in
the Sowdan ;
You 're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class
fightin' man ;
We gives you your certifikit, an' if you want it
signed,
We 'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever
you 're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
The Burman guv us Irriwaddy chills,
An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style :
But all we ever got from such as they
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller ;
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.

Song of the first Soudan expedition.

Fuzzy—A dervish, follower of El Mahdi.

Impi—Zulu regiment in battle array.

Barrack-Room Ballads

Then 'ere 's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis
and the kid ;

Our orders was to break you, an' of course we
went an' did.

We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it was n't
hardly fair ;

But for all the odds agin you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you
bruk the square.

'E 'as n't got no papers of 'is own,

'E 'as n't got no medals nor rewards,

So we must certify the skill 'e 's shown

In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords :

When 'e 's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush

With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear.

A 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush

Will last a 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere 's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends
which is no more,

If we 'ad n't lost some messmates we would 'elp
you to deplore ;

But give an' take 's the gospel, an' we 'll cail the
bargain fair,

For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled
up the square !

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,

An', before we know, 'e 's 'ackin' at our 'ead ;

'E 's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,

An' 'e 's generally shammin' when he 's dead.

"Fuzzy-Wuzzy"

'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!

'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,

'E's the on'y thing that does n't care a damn

For the Regiment o' British Infantry.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in
the Sowdan ;

You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class
fightin' man ;

An' 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick
'ead of 'air —

You big black boundin' beggar — for you bruk a
British square.

OONTS!

Wot makes the soldier's 'eart to penk, wot makes 'im
to perspire ?

It is n't standin' up to charge or lyin' down to fire ;
But it 's everlastin' waitin' on a everlastin' road
For the commissariat camel an' 'is commissariat load.

O the *oont*, O the *oont*, O the commissariat *oont* !

With 'is silly neck a-bobbin' like a basket full o'
snákes ;

We packs 'im like a idol, an' you ought to 'ear 'im
grunt,

An' when we gets 'im loaded up 'is blessed girth-
rope breaks.

Wot makes the rear-guard swear so 'ard when the
night is drorin' in,

An' every native follower is shiverin' for 'is skin !

It ain't the chanst o' bein' rushed by Paythans from
the 'ills,

It's the commissariat camel puttin' on 'is blessed
frills !

O the *oont*, O the *oont*, O the hairy, scary *oont* !

A-trippin' over tent-ropes when we've got the
night alarm ;

Song of the Northern India transport train.

Oonts—camels. Properly with the *u* as in *bull*, but here to rhyme
with grunts.

Paythan—an Afghan, or hill-tribesman.

Oonts !

We socks 'im with a stretcher-pole an' 'eads 'im off
in front,

An' when we've saved his bloomin' life 'e chaws
our bloomin' arm.

The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's but a
fool,

The elephant's a gentleman, the baggage-mule's a
mule ;

But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said an'
done,

'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one.

O the *oont*, O the *oont*, O the Gawd-forsaken *oont* !
The 'umpy-lumpy 'ummin'-bird a-singin' where 'e
lies,

'E's blocked the 'ole division from the rear-guard to
the front,

An' when we gets 'im up again — the beggar goes
and dies !

'E'll gall an' chafe an' lame an' fight ; 'e smells most
awful vile ;

'E'll lose 'imself forever if you let 'im stray a mile ;

'E's game to graze the 'ole day long an' 'owl the 'ole
night through,

An' when 'e comes to greasy ground 'e splits 'isself in
two.

O the *oont*, O the *oont*, O the floppin', droppin'
oont !

When 'is long legs give from under an' 'is meltin'
eye is dim,

Barrack-Room Ballads

The tribes is up be'ind us an' the tribes is up in
front,

It ain't no jam for Tommy, but it's kites and
crows for 'im.

So when the cruel march is done an' when the roads
is blind,

An' when we sees the camp in front an' 'ears the shots
be'ind,

O then we strips 'is saddle off, an' all 'is woes is past:
'E thinks on us that used 'im so, an' gets revenge at
last.

O the *oont*, O the *oont*, O the floatin', bloatin' *oont*!

The late lamented camel in the water-cut he lies;
We keeps a mile behind 'im an' we keeps a mile in
front,

But 'e gets into the drinkin' casks, an' then o'
course we dies.

LOOT

If you 've ever stole a pheasant-egg be'ind the keeper's
back,

If you 've ever snigged the washin' from the line,
If you 've ever crammed a gander in your bloomin'
'aversack,

You will understand this little song o' mine.
But the service rules are 'ard, an' from such we are
debarred,

For the same with British morals does not suit
(*Cornet*: Toot! toot!)—

W'y they call a man a robber if 'e stuffs 'is marchin'
clobber

With the—

(*Chorus.*) Loo! loo! Lulu! lulu! Loo! loo! Loot!
loot! loot!

'Ow the loot!

Bloomin' loot!

That's the thing to make the boys git up
and shoot!

It's the same with dogs an' men,

If you'd make 'em come again

Clap 'em forward with a Loo! loo! Lulu!
Loot!

(*f*) Whoopee! Tear 'em, puppy! Loo! loo!
Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

Loot—plunder.

Barrack-Room Ballads

If you've knocked a nigger edgeways when 'e's
thrustin' for your life,

You must leave 'im very careful where 'e fell ;
An' may thank your stars an' gaiters if you did n't
feel 'is knife

That you ain't told off to bury him as well.
Then the sweatin' Tommies wonder as they spade the
beggars under

Why lootin' should be entered as a crime ;
So if my song you'll 'ear, I will learn you plain an'
clear

'Ow to pay yourself for fightin' overtime

(*Chorus.*) With the loot, etc.

Now remember when you're 'acking round a gilded
Burma god

That 'is eyes is very often precious stones ;
An' if you treat a nigger to a dose o' cleanin'-rod
'E's like to show you everything 'e owns.

When 'e won't prodooce no more, pour some water on
the floor

Where you 'ear it answer 'ollow to the boot (*Cornet :*
Toot ! toot !) —

When the ground begins to sink, shove your baynick
down the chink,

An' you're sure to touch the —

(*Chorus.*) Loo ! loo ! Lulu ! Loot ! loot ! loot !
'Ow the loot, etc.

Loot

When from 'ouse to 'ouse you're 'untin' you must
always work in pairs —

It 'alves the gain, but safer you will find —

For a single man gits bottled on them twisty-wisty
stairs,

An' a woman comes and clobs 'im from be'ind.

When you've turned 'im inside out, an' it seems be-
yond a doubt

As if there were n't enough to dust a flute (*Cornet:*
Toot ! toot !) —

Before you sling your 'ook, at the 'ousetops take a
look,

For it's underneath the tiles they 'ide the loot.

(*Chorus.*) 'Ow the loot, etc.

You can mostly square a Sergint and a Quartermas-
ter, too,

If you only take the proper way to go ;

I could never keep my pickin's, but I've learned you
all I knew —

An' don't you never say I told you so.

An' now I'll bid good-by, for I'm gettin' rather dry,

An' I see another tunin' up to toot (*Cornet:* Toot !
toot !) —

So 'ere's good-luck to those that wears the Widow's
clo'es,

An' the Devil send 'em all they want o' loot !

(*Chorus.*) Yes, the loot,
Bloomin' loot.

The Widow — Queen Victoria.

Barrack-Room Ballads

In the tunic an' the mess-tin an' the boot !

It's the same with dogs an' men,

If you 'd make 'em come again

Whoop 'em forward with the Loo ! loo !

Lulu ! Loot ! loot ! loot !

Heeya ! Sick 'im, puppy ! Loo ! loo ! Lulu !

Loot ! loot ! loot !

SOLDIER, SOLDIER

“ Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
Why don't you march with my true love ? ”
“ We're fresh from off the ship, an' 'e's maybe give
the slip,
An' you 'd best go look for a new love.”
New love ! True love !
Best go look for a new love,
The dead they can not rise, an' you 'd better dry
your eyes,
An' you 'd best go look for a new love.

“ Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
What did you see o' my true love ? ”
“ I see 'im serve the Queen in a suit o' rifle-green,
An' you 'd best go look for a new love.”

“ Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
Did ye see no more o' my true love ? ”
“ See 'im runnin' by when the shots begun to fly —
But you 'd best go look for a new love.”

“ Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
Did aught take 'arm to my true love ? ”
“ I couldn't see the fight, for the smoke it lay so
white —
An' you 'd best go look for a new love.”

Barrack-Room Ballads

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
I’ll up an’ tend to my true love ! ”

“ ‘E ’s lying on the dead with a bullet through ’is ’ead,
An’ you ’d best go look for a new love.”

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
I’ll lie down an’ die with my true love ! ”

“The pit we dug’ll ’ide ’im an’ twenty men beside
’im —

An’ you ’d best go look for a new love.”

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
Do you bring no sign from my true love ? ”

“I bring a lock of ’air that e’ allus used to wear,
An’ you ’d best go look for a new love.”

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
O then I know it’s true I ’ve lost my true love ! ”

“An’ I tell you truth again — when you’ve lost the
feel o’ pain

You ’d best take me for your true love.”

True love ! New love !

Best take ’im for a new love.

The dead they can not rise, an’ you ’d better dry
your eyes,

An’ you ’d best take ’im for your true love.

THE SONS OF THE WIDOW

'Ave you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor
With a airy gold crown on 'er 'ead?
She 'as ships on the foam — she 'as millions at 'ome,
An' she pays us poor beggars in red.
(Ow, poor beggars in red !)

There 's 'er nick on the cavalry 'orses,
There 's 'er mark on the medical stores —
An' 'er troopers you'll find with a fair wind be'ind
That takes us to various wars.
(Poor beggars ! — barbarious wars !)

Then 'ere's to the Widow at Windsor,
An' 'ere's to the stores an' the guns,
The men an' the 'orses what makes up the forces
O' Missis Victorier's sons.
(Poor beggars ! — Victorier's sons !)

Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,
For 'alf o' creation she owns ;
We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an' the
flame,
An' we 've salted it down with our bones.
(Poor beggars ! — it's blue with our bones !)

Barrack-Room Ballads

Hands off o' the sons of the Widow,
Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop,
For the Kings must come down an' the Emperors
frown
When the Widow at Windsor says "Stop!"
(Poor beggars! — we're sent to say "Stop!")

Then 'ere's to the Lodge o' the Widow,
From the Pole to the Tropics it runs —
To the Lodge that we tile with the rank an' the file,
An' open in forms with the guns.
(Poor beggars! — it's always them guns!)

We 'ave 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor
It's safest to let 'er alone:
For 'er sentries we stand by the sea an' the land
Wherever the bugles are blown.
(Poor beggars! — an' don't we get blown!)

Take 'old o' the wings o' the mornin',
An' flop round the earth till you're dead;
But you won't get away from the tune that they play
To the bloomin' old rag over'ead.
(Poor beggars! — it's 'ot over'ead!)

Then 'ere's to the sons o' the Widow,
Wherever, 'owever they roam.
'Ere's all they desire, an' if they require
A speedy return to their 'ome.
(Poor beggars! — they'll never see 'ome!)

TROOPIN'

Troopin', troopin', troopin' to the sea :

'Ere 's September come again — the six-year men are
free.

O leave the dead be'ind us, for they can not come
away

To where the ship 's a-coalin' up that takes us 'ome
to-day.

We 're goin' 'ome, we 're goin' 'ome,

Our ship is *at* the shore,

An' you must pack your 'aversack,

For we won't come back no more.

Ho, don't you grieve for me,

My lovely Mary-Anne,

For I'll marry you yit on a four-p'ny bit

As a time-expired man.

The *Malabar's* in 'arbor with the *Jumner* at 'er tail,

An' the time-expired 's waitin' of 'is orders for to sail.

O the weary waitin' when on Khyber 'ills we lay,

But the time-expired 's waitin' of 'is orders 'ome to-day.

They'll turn us out at Portsmouth wharf in cold an'
wet an' rain,

All wearin' Injian cotton kit, but we will not complain ;

Song of the British Army in the East.

Barrack-Room Ballads

They 'll kill us of pneumonia — for that 's their little way —

But damn the chills and fever, men, we 're goin' 'ome to-day !

Troopin', troopin', — winter 's round again !

See the new draf's pourin' in for the old campaign ;

Ho, you poor recruits, but you 've got to earn your pay —

What 's the last from Lunnon, lads ? We 're goin' there to-day.

Troopin', troopin', give another cheer —

'Ere 's to English women an' a quart of English beer ;

The Colonel an' the regiment an' all who 've got to stay,

Gawd's mercy strike 'em gentle — Whoop ! we 're goin' 'ome to-day.

We 're goin' 'ome, we 're goin' 'ome,

Our ship is *at* the shore,

An' you must pack your 'aversack,

For we won't come back no more.

Ho, don't you grieve for me,

My lovely Mary-Anne,

For I 'll marry you yit on a four-p'ny bit

As a time-expired man.

GUNGA DIN.

You may' talk o' gin an' beer
When you 're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you 're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it ;
But if it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you 'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that 's
got it.

Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them black-faced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental *bhisti*, Gunga Din.

He was "Din ! Din ! Din !

You limpin' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din !

Hi ! *slippy hitherao !*

Water, get it ! *Panee lao !*

You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din ! "

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
For a twisty piece o' rag

The *bhisti*, or water-carrier, attached to regiments in India, is often one of the most devoted of the Queen's servants. He is also appreciated by the men.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Slippy hitherao: Come here quick!

Panee lao: Bring water swiftly.

Barrack-Room Ballads

An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field equipment 'e could find.
When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eye-
brows crawl,
We shouted "*Harry By* !"
Til our throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e could n't serve us
all.
It was "*Din ! Din ! Din !*
You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?
You put some *juldee* in it,
Or I 'll *marrow* you this minute
If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din !"

'E would dot 'an carry one
Till the longest day was done,
An' 'e did n't seem to know the use o' fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E 'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
With 'is *mussick* on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made "*Retire.*"
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire !

Harry By: Mr. Atkins's equivalent for "O Brother !"

—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Juldee : Hasten.

Marrow : Strike.

Mussick : Water-bag.

Gunga Din

It was "Din ! Din ! Din !"
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green.
When the cartridges ran out,
You could 'ear the front-files shout :
" Hi ! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din ! "

I sha'n't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.
I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin' gruntin' Gunga Din.
'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' 'e plugged me where I bled,
An' 'e gave me 'arf-a-pint a' water — green :
It was crawlin' and it stunk,
But of all the drinks I've drunk,
I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.

It was "Din ! Din ! Din !

'Ere 's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen ;
'E's chawin' up the ground, an' 'e's kickin' all
around :

For Gawd's sake, git the water, Gunga Din ! "

'E carried me away
To where a *dooli* lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.
'E put me safe inside,

Dooli : Litter ; stretcher.

Barrack-Room Ballads

An' just before 'e died :
" I 'ope you like your drink," sez Gunga Din.
So I 'll meet 'im later on
In the place where 'e is gone —
Where it 's always double drill and no canteen ;
'E 'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drink to pore damned souls,
An' I 'll get a swig in Hell from Gunga Din !
Din ! Din ! Din !
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din !
Tho' I 've belted you an' flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You 're a better man than I am, Gunga Din !

MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the
sea,

There 's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks
o' me;

For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the temple-bells
they say : .

“Come you back, you British soldier ; come you back
to Mandalay !”

 Come you back to Mandalay,

 Where the old Flotilla lay :

Can't you 'ear their paddles chuckin' from Rangoon
to Mandalay ?

 On the road to Mandalay,

 Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China
'crost the Bay !

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,

An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat — jes' the same as

 Theebaw's Queen,

An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin white cheroot,

An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'cathen idol's
foot :

 Bloomin' idol made o' mud —

 Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd —

Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er
where she stud !

 On the road to Mandalay —

Barrack-Room Ballads

When the mist was on the rice fields an' the sun was
droppin' slow,
She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "*Kullalo-lo!*"
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' her cheek agin
my cheek
We uster watch the steamers an' the *hathis* pilin' teak.
Elephints a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squidgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf
afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandalay—

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur
away,
An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Benk to
Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year
sodger tells:
"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why you won't
'eed nothin' else."
No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly
temple-bells!
On the road to Mandalay—

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gutty pavin'-
stones,
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in
my bones;

Hathis: Elephants.

Mandalay

Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to
the Strand,

An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they under-
stand ?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and —

Law ! wot *do* they understand ?

I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener,
land !

On the road to Mandalay —

Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the best is
like the worst,

Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a
man can raise a thirst ;

For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I
would be —

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea —

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay,

With our sick beneath the awnings when we went
to Mandalay !

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China
'crost the Bay !

THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER

When the 'arf-made recruity goes out to the East,
'E acts like a babe an' 'e drinks like a beast,
An' 'e wonders because 'e is frequent deceased
Ere 'e's fit for to serve as a soldier.

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,
Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,
Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,
So-oldier *hof* the Queen !

Now all you recruities what 's drafted to-day,
You shut up your rag-box an' 'ark to my lay,
An' I 'll sing you a soldier as far as I may:
A soldier what 's fit for a soldier.

Fit, fit, fit for a soldier —

First, mind you steer clear o' the grog-sellers' huts,
For they sell you Fixed Bay'nets that rots out your
guts,

Ay, drink that 'ud eat the live steel from your butts—

An' it 's bad for the young British soldier.

Bad, bad, bad for the soldier —

When the cholera comes — as it will past a doubt —
Keep out of the wet and don't go on the shout,
For the sickness comes in as the liquor dies out,

An' it crumples the young British soldier.

Crum-, crum-, crumples the soldier.

The Young British Soldier

But the worst o' your foes is the sun over'ead ;
You *must* wear your 'elmet for all that is said.
If 'e finds you uncovered 'e 'll knock you down dead,
 An you 'll die like a fool of a soldier.
 Fool, fool, fool of a soldier —

If you 're cast for fatigue by a sergeant unkind,
Don't grouse like a woman nor crack on nor blind ;
Be handy and civil, and then you will find
 As it's beer for the young British soldier.
 Beer, beer, beer for the soldier —

Now, if you must marry, take care she is old —
A troop-sergeant's widow 's the nicest I'm told —
For beauty won't help if your vittles is cold,
 An' love ain't enough for a soldier.
 'Nough, 'nough, 'nough for a soldier —

If the wife should go wrong with a comrade, be loath
To shoot when you catch 'em — you'll swing, on my
 oath ! —
Make 'im take 'er and keep 'er ; that 's hell for them
 both,
 An' you 're quit o' the curse of a soldier.
 Curse, curse, curse of a soldier —

When first under fire an' you 're wishful to duck,
Don't look or take 'eed at the man that is struck,
Be thankful you 're livin' an' trust to your luck,
 An' march to your front like a soldier.
 Front, front, front like a soldier.

Barrack-Room Ballads

When 'arf of your bullets fly wide in the ditch,
Don't call your Martini a cross-eyed old bitch ;
She's human as you are — you treat her as sich,
An' she 'll fight for the young British soldier.
Fight, fight, fight for the soldier —

When shakin' their bustles like ladies so fine
The guns o' the enemy wheel into line,
Shoot low at the limbers and don't mind the shine,
For noise never startles the soldier.
Start-, start-, startles the soldier —

If your officer 's dead and the sergeants look white,
Remember it 's ruin to run from a fight ;
So take open order, lie down, and sit tight,
An' wait for supports like a soldier.
Wait, wait, wait like a soldier —

When you're wounded, and left on Afghanistan's
plains,
An' the women come out to cut up your remains,
Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains,
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier:
Go, go, go like a soldier,
Go, go, go like a soldier,
Go, go, go like a soldier,
So-oldier *hof* the Queen.

SCREW-GUNS

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the
mornin'-cool,
I walks in my old brown gaiters along o' my old
brown mule,
With seventy gunners be'ind me, an' never a beggar
forgets
It's only the pick o' the Army that handles the dear
little pets—Tss! Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns—the screw-guns
they all love you.
So when we call round with a few guns, o' course you
will know what to do—hoo! hoo!
Jest send in your Chief an' surrender—it's worse if
you fights or you runs;
You can go where you please, you can skid up the
trees, but you don't get away from the guns.

They send us along where the roads are, but mostly
we goes where they ain't;
We'd climb up the side of a sign-board an' trust to
the stick o' the paint;
We've chivied the Naga an' Lushai, we've give the
Afreedee-man fits,
For we fancies ourselves at two thousand, we guns
that are built in two bits—Tss! Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns—

Barrack-Room Ballads

If a man does n't work, why, we drills 'im, an' teaches
 'im 'ow to be'ave;
If a beggar can't march, why, we kills 'im, an' rattles
 'im into 'is grave.
You 've got to stand up to our business and spring
 without snatchin' or fuss,
D' you say that you sweat with the field-guns? By
 God, you must lather with us — Tss! Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns —

The eagles is screamin' around us, the river 's a-moan-
 in' below,
We're clear o' the pine and the oak-scrub, we're out
 on the rocks and the snow.
An' the wind is as thin as a whip-lash what carries
 away to the plains
The rattle an' stamp o' the lead-mules — the jinglety-
 jink o' the chains — Tss! Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns —

There 's a wheel on the Horns o' the Mornin' an' a
 wheel on the edge o' the Pit,
An' a drop into nothin' beneath us as straight as a
 beggar can spit;
With the sweat runnin' out o' your shirt-sleeves an'
 the sun off the snow in your face,
An' 'arf o' the men on the drag-ropes to hold the old
 gun in 'er place — Tss! Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns —

Screw-Guns

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the
mornin'-cool,

I climbs in my old brown gaiters along o' my old
brown mule.

The monkey can say what our road was — the wild-
goat 'e knows where we passed.

Stand easy, you long-eared old darlin's! Out drag-
ropes! With shrapnel! Hold fast! — Tss!
Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns — the screw-guns
they all love you!

So when we take tea with a few guns, o' course you
will know what to do — hoo! hoo!

Jest send in your Chief and surrender — it's worse
if you fights or you runs;

You may hide in the caves, they'll be only your
graves, but you don't get away from the guns!

BELTS

There was a row in Silver Street that's near to Dublin Quay,
Between an Irish regiment an' English calvaree;
It started at Revelly an' it lasted on till dark;
The first man dropped at Harrison's, the last forninst the Park.

For it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's one for you!"

An' it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's done for you!"

O buckle an' tongue
Was the song that we sung
From Harrison's on to the Park!

There was a row in Silver Street—the regiments was out,

They called us "Delhi Rebels," an' we answered
"Threes about!"

That drew them like a hornet's nest—we met them good an' large,

The English at the double an' the Irish at the charge.
Then it was : Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—an' I was in it, too;
We passed the time o' day, an' then the belts went
whirraru;

Belts

I misremember what occurred, but subsequent the
storm

A *Freeman's Journal Supplement* was all my uniform.
O it was: Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—they sent the Polis
there,

The English were too drunk to know, the Irish did n't
care;

But when they grew impertinint we simultaneous rose,
Till half o' them was Liffey mud an' half was tatthered
clo'es.

For it was: Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—it might ha' raged
till now,

But some one drew his side-arm clear, an' nobody
knew how;

'Twas Hogan took the point an' dropped; we saw the
red blood run:

An' so we all was murderers that started out in fun.

While it was Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—but that took off
the shine,

Wid each man whishperin' to his next; "'T was never
work o' mine!"

We went away like beaten dogs, an' down the street
we bore him,

The poor dumb corpse that couldn't see the bhoys
were sorry for him.

When it was: Belts—

Barrack-Room Ballads

There was a row in Silver Street—it is n't over yet,
For half of us are under guard wid punishmints to get;
'T is all a mericle to me as in the Clink I lie;
There was a row in Silver Street—begod, I wonder
why!

But it was “Belts, belts, belts, an' that's one for
you!”

An' it was “Belts, belts, belts, an' that's done for
you!”

O buckle an' tongue
Was the song that we sung
From Harrison's down to the Park!

OTHER VERSES

LA NUIT BLANCHE

A much-discerning Public hold
The Singer generally sings
Of personal and private things,
And prints and sells his past for gold.

Whatever I may here disclaim,
The very clever folk I sing to
Will most indubitably cling to
Their pet delusion, just the same.

I had seen, as dawn was breaking
And I staggered to my rest,
Tara Devi softly skaking
From the Cart Road to the crest.
I had seen the spurs of Jakko
Heave and quiver, swell and sink.
Was it Earthquake or tobacco,
Day of Doom or Night of Drink?

In the full, fresh, fragrant morning
I observed a camel crawl,
Laws of gravitation scorning,
On the ceiling and the wall ;
Then I watched a fender walking,
And I heard gray leeches sing,
And a red-hot monkey talking
Did not seem the proper thing.

Tara Devi: A mountain near Simla.

Jakko: Another mountain near Simla.

Other Verses

Then a Creature, skinned and crimson,
Ran about the floor and cried,
And they said I had the "jims" on,
And they dosed me with bromide,
And they locked me in my bedroom,—
Me and one wee Blood Red Mouse,—
Though I said : " To give my head room
You had best unroof the house."

But my words were all unheeded,
Though I told the grave M. D.
That the treatment really needed
Was a dip in open sea
That was lapping just below me,
Smooth as silver, white as snow,
And it took three men to throw me
When I found I could not go.

Half the night I watched the Heavens
Fizz like '81 champagne—
Fly to sixes and to sevens,
Wheel and thunder back again ;
And when all was peace and order
Save one planet nailed askew,
Much I wept because my warder
Would not let me set it true.

After frenzied hours of waiting,
When the Earth and Skies were dumb,
Pealed an awful voice dictating
An interminable sum,

Jims: Delirium tremens.

La Nuit Blanche

Changing to a tangled story,—
“What she said you said I said,”—
Till the Moon arose in glory,
And I found her—in my head ;

Then a Face came, blind and weeping,
And It could.n't wipe Its eyes,
And It muttered I was keeping
Back the moonlight from the skies ;
So I patted It for pity,
But It whistled shrill with wrath,
And a huge black devil City
Poured its peoples on my path.

So I fled with steps uncertain
On a thousand-year long race,
But the bellying of the curtain
Kept me always in one place ;
While the tumult rose and maddened
To the roar of Earth on fire,
Ere it ebbed and sank and saddened
To a whisper tense as wire.

In intolerable stillness
Rose one little, little star,
And it chuckled at my illness,
And it mocked me from afar ;
And its brethren came and eyed me,
Called the Universe to aid ;
Till I lay, with naught to hide me,
'Neath the Scorn of All Things Made.

Other Verses

Dun and saffron, robed and splendid,
Broke the solemn, pitying Day,
And I knew my pains were ended.
And I turned and tried to pray ;
But my speech was shattered wholly,
And I wept as children weep,
Till the dawn-wind, softly, slowly
Brought to burning eyelids sleep.

THE LOVERS' LITANY

Eyes of gray — a sodden quay,
Driving rain and falling tears,
As the steamer wears to sea
In a parting storm of cheers.
Sing, for Faith and Hope are high —
None so true as you and I —
Sing the Lovers' Litany : —
" Love like ours can never die ! "

Eyes of black — a throbbing keel,
Milky foam to left and right ;
Whispered converse near the wheel
In the brilliant tropic night.
Cross that rules the Southern Sky !
Stars that sweep and wheel and fly
Hear the Lovers' Litany : —
" Love like ours can never die ! "

Eyes of brown — a dusty plain
Split and parched with heat of June,
Flying hoof and tightened rein,
Hearts that beat the old, old tune.
Side by side the horses fly,
Frame we now the old reply
Of the Lovers' Litany : —
" Love like ours can never die ! "

Other Verses

Eyes of blue — the Simla Hills
Silvered with the moonlight hoar ;
Pleading of the waltz that thrills,
Dies and echoes round Benmore.
“ *Mabel,* ” “ *Officers,* ” “ *Good-by,* ”
Glamour, wine, and witchery —
On my soul’s sincerity,
“ *Love like ours can never die !* ”

Maidens, of your charity,
Pity my most luckless state.
Four times Cupid’s debtor I —
Bankrupt in quadruplicate.
Yet, despite this evil case,
An a maiden showed me grace,
Four-and-forty times would I
Sing the Lovers’ Litany : —
“ *Love like ours can never die !* ”

A BALLAD OF BURIAL

("Saint Praxed's ever was the Church for Peace.")

If down here I chance to die,
Solemnly I beg you take
All that is left of "I"
To the Hills for old sake's sake.
Pack me very thoroughly
In the ice that used to slake
Pegs I drank when I was dry—
This observe for old sake's sake.

To the railway station hie,
There a single ticket take
For Umballa—goods train—I
Shall not mind delay or shake.
I shall rest contentedly
Spite of clamor coolies make;
Thus in state and dignity
Send me up for old sake's sake.

Next the sleepy Babu wake,
Book a Kalka van "for four."
Few, I think, will care to make
Journeys with me any more

Umballa: An Indian city on the way to Simla.

Babu: A Hindoo with a European education; title of respect.

Kalka: A town between Umballa and Simla.

Other Verses

As they used to do of yore.

I shall need a "special" break —
Thing I never took before —
Get me one for old sake's sake.

After that — arrangements make.

No hotel will take me in,
And a bullock's back would break
'Neath the teak and leaden skin.
Tonga ropes are frail and thin,
Or, did I a back seat take,
In a tonga I might spin —
Do your best for old sake's sake.

After that — your work is done.

Recollect a Padre must
Mourn the departed one —
Throw the ashes and the dust.
Don't go down at once. I trust
You will find excuse to "snake
Three days' casual on the bust,"
Get your fun for old sake's sake.

I could never stand the Plains.

Think of blazing June and May,
Think of those September rains
Yearly till the Judgment-day!
I should never rest in peace,
I should sweat and lie awake.
Rail me, then, on my decease,
To the Hills for old sake's sake.

Tonga: Chaise for hill travel.

DIVIDED DESTINIES

It was an artless *Bandar*, and he danced upon a pine,
And much I wondered how he lived, and where the
 beast might dine,
And many, many other things, till, o'er my morning
 smoke,
I slept the sleep of idleness, and dreamed that *Bandar*
 spoke.

He said: "Oh, man of many clothes! Sad crawler
 on the Hills!
Observe, I know not Ranken's shop, nor Ranken's
 monthly bills;
I take no heed to trousers or the coats that you call
 dress;
Nor am I plagued with little cards for little drinks at
 Mess.

"I steal the bunnia's grain at morn, at noon and
 eventide
(For he is fat and I am spare), I roam the mountain-
 side;
I follow no man's carriage, and no, never in my life
Have I flirted at Peliti's with another *Bandar's* wife.

Bandar: A monkey, specifically a langur.

Ranken: A Simla tailor.

Peliti: A Simla confectioner and purveyor.

Other Verses

“ Oh, man of futile fopperies, unnecessary wraps,
I own no ponies in the hills, I drive no tall-wheeled
traps ;
I buy me not twelve-button gloves, ‘ short-sixes ’ eke,
or rings, ‘
Nor do I waste at Hamilton’s my wealth on ‘ pretty
things.’

“ I quarrel with my wife at home, we never fight
abroad ;
But Mrs. B. has grasped the fact I am her only lord.
I never heard of fever — dumps nor debts depress my
soul ;
And I pity and despise you ! ” Here he pouched my
breakfast-roll.

His hide was very mangy, and his face was very red,
And ever and anon he scratched with energy his head.
His manners were not always nice, but how my spirit
cried
To be an artless *Bandar* loose upon the mountain-
side !

So I answered : “ Gentle *Bandar*, an inscrutable Decree
Makes thee a gleesome, fleasome Thou, and me a
wretched Me.
Go ! Depart in peace, my brother, to thy home amid
the pine :
Yet forget not once a mortal wished to change his lot
with thine.”

THE MARE'S NEST

Jane Austen Beecher Stowe de Rouse
Was good beyond all earthly need ;
But, on the other hand, her spouse
Was very, very bad indeed.
He smoked cigars, called churches slow,
And raced — but this she did not know.

For Belial Machiavelli kept
The little fact a secret, and,
Though o'er his minor sins she wept,
Jane Austen did not understand
That Lilly — thirteen-two and bay —
Absorbed one half her husband's pay.

She was so good, she made him worse
(Some women are like this, I think) ;
He taught her parrot how to curse,
Her Assam monkey how to drink.
He vexed her righteous soul until
She went up, and he went down-hill.

Then came the crisis, strange to say,
Which turned a good wife to a better.
A telegraphic peon, one day,
Brought her — now, had it been a letter
For Belial Machiavelli, I
Know Jane would just have let it lie.

Peon: 'Prentice and messenger.

Other Verses

But 't was a telegram instead,
Marked "urgent," and her duty plain
To open it. Jane Austen read :—
"Your Lilly's got a cough again.
Can't understand why she is kept
At your expense." Jane Austen wept.

It was a misdirected wire.
Her husband was at Shaitanpore.
She spread her anger, hot as fire,
Through six thin foreign sheets or more,
Sent off that letter, wrote another
To her solicitor — and mother.

Then Belial Machiavelli saw
Her error and, I trust, his own,
Wired to the minion of the Law,
And traveled wifeward — not alone.
For Lilly — thirteen-two and bay —
Came in a horse-box all the way.

There was a scene — a weep or two —
With many kisses. Austen Jane
Rode Lilly all the season through,
And never opened wires again.
She races now with Belial. This
Is very sad, but so it is.

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA

Dim dawn behind the tamarisks — the sky is saffron-yellow —

As the women in the village grind the corn,
And the parrots seek the river-side, each calling to his fellow

That the Day, the staring Eastern Day is born.

Oh, the white dust on the highway ! Oh, the stench in the byway !

Oh, the clammy fog that hovers over earth !
And at Home they 're making merry 'neath the white and scarlet berry —

What part have India's exiles in their mirth ?

Full day behind the tamarisks — the sky is blue and staring —

As the cattle crawl afield beneath the yoke,
And they bear One o'er the field-path, who is past all hope or caring,

To the ghât below the curling wreaths of smoke.

Call on Rama, going slowly, as ye bear a brother lowly —

Call on Rama — he may hear, perhaps, your voice !

With our hymn-books and our psalters we appeal to other altars,

And to-day we bid "good Christian men rejoice !"

Ghât: Funeral pyre.

Rama: Name common to all the incarnations of Vishnu.

Other Verses

High noon behind the tamarisks — the sun is hot
above us —

As at Home the Christmas Day is breaking wan.
They will drink our healths at dinner — those who tell
us how they love us,

And forget us till another year be gone !

Oh, the toil that needs no breaking ! Oh, the
Heimweh, ceaseless, aching !

Oh, the black dividing Sea and alien Plain !

Youth was cheap — wherefore we sold it. Gold
was good — we hoped to hold it,

And to-day we know the fulness of our gain.

Gray dusk behind the tamarisks — the parrots fly
together —

As the sun is sinking slowly over Home ;
And his last ray seems to mock us shackled in a life-
long tether

That drags us back howe'er so far we roam.

Hard her service, poor her payment — she in
ancient, tattered raiment —

India, she the grim Step-mother of our kind.

If a year of life be lent her, if her temple's shrine
we enter,

The door is shut — we may not look behind.

Black night behind the tamarisks — the owls begin
their chorus —

As the conches from the temple scream and bray.

Heimweh: Homesickness.

Christmas in India

With the fruitless years behind us, and the hopeless
years before us,

Let us honor, oh, my brothers, Christmas Day !

Call a truce, then, to our labors — let us feast
with friend and neighbors,

And be merry as the custom of our caste ;

For if “faint and forced the laughter,” and if
sadness follow after,

We are richer by one mocking Christmas past.

PAGETT, M. P.

The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes.
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that toad.

Pagett, M. P., was a liar, and a fluent liar there-
with,—

He spoke of the heat of India as the “Asian Solar
Myth:”

Came on a four months’ visit, to “study the East,” in
November,

And I got him to sign an agreement vowing to stay
till September.

March came in with the *koil*. Pagett was cool and
gay,

Called me a “bloated Brahmin,” talked of my
“princely pay.”

March went out with the roses. “Where is your
heat?” said he.

“Coming,” said I to Pagett. “Skittles!” said
Pagett, M. P.

April began with the punkah, coolies, and prickly-
heat,—

Pagett was dear to mosquitoes, sandflies found him a
treat.

Koil: The nightingale.

Punkah: A ceiling fan operated by a native.

Pagett, M. P.

He grew speckled and lumpy—hammered, I grieve to
say,
Aryan brothers who fanned him, in an illiberal way.

May set in with a dust-storm,— Pagett went down
with the sun.
All the delights of the season tickled him one by one.
Imprimis — ten days “liver”— due to his drinking
beer ;
Later, a dose of fever— slight, but he called it severe.

Dysent'ry touched him in June, after the *Chota*
Bursat —
Lowered his portly person — made him yearn to
depart.
He didn't call me a “Brahmin,” or “bloated,” or
“overpaid,”
But seemed to think it a wonder that any one stayed.

July was a trifle unhealthy,— Pagett was ill with fear,
Called it the “Cholera Morbus,” hinted that life was
dear.
He babbled of “Eastern exile,” and mentioned his
home with tears ;
But I hadn't seen *my* children for close upon seven
years.

Chota Bursat: Lighter rain-storms, preceding the wet season.

Other Verses

We reached a hundred and twenty once in the Court
at noon

(I 've mentioned Pagett was portly); Pagett went off in
a swoon.

That was an end to the business; Pagett, the per-
jured, fled

With a practical, working knowledge of "Solar
Myths" in his head.

And I laughed as I drove from the station, but the
laugh died out on my lips

As I thought of the fools like Pagett who write of
their "Eastern trips,"

And the sneers of the traveled idiots who duly mis-
govern the land,

And I prayed for the Lord to deliver another one into
my hand.

A BALLADE OF JAKKO HILL

One moment bid the horses wait,
Since tiffin is not laid till three,
Below the upward path and straight
You climbed a year ago with me.
Love came upon us suddenly
And loosed — an idle hour to kill —
A headless, armless armory
That smote us both on Jakko Hill.

Ah Heaven! we would wait and wait
Through Time and to Eternity!
Ah Heaven! we could conquer Fate
With more than Godlike constancy!
I cut the date upon a tree —
Here stand the clumsy figure still:
“10—7—85, A. D.”
Damp with the mist on Jakko Hill.

What came of high resolve and great,
And until Death fidelity?
Whose horse is waiting at your gate?
Whose *'rickshaw*-wheels ride over me?
No Saint's, I swear; and — let me see
To-night what names your programme fill—
We drift asunder merrily,
As drifts the mist on Jakko Hill!

Jakko: A mountain near Simla.

Other Verses

L'ENVOI.

Princess, behold our ancient state
Has clean departed ; and we see
'T was Idleness we took for Fate
That bound light bonds on you and me
Amen ! Here ends the comedy
Where it began in all good will ;
Since Love and Leave together flee
As driven mist on Jakko Hill !

THE PLEA OF THE SIMLA DANCERS

Too late, alas ! the song
To remedy the wrong : —
The rooms are taken from us, swept and garnished for their fate.
But these tear-besprinkled pages
Shall attest to future ages
That we cried against the crime of it — too late, alas ! too late!

“What have *we* ever done to bear this grudge ? ”
Was there no room save only in Benmore
For docket, *duftar*, and for office drudge,
That you usurp our smoothest dancing floor ?
Must Babus do their work on polished teak ?
Are ball-rooms fittest for the ink you spill ?
Was there no other cheaper house to seek ?
You might have left them all at Strawberry Hill

We never harmed you ! Innocent our guise,
Dainty our shining feet, our voices low ;
And we revolved to divers melodies,
And we were happy but a year ago.
To-night, the moon that watched our lightsome
wiles —

That beamed upon us through the deodars —
Is wan with gazing on official files,
And desecrating desks disgust the stars.

Dufdar : Account or record book.

Other Verses

Nay ! by the memory of tuneful nights —
Nay ! by the witchery of flying feet —
Nay ! by the glamour of foredone delights —
By all things merry, musical, and meet —
By wine that sparkled, and by sparkling eyes —
By wailing waltz — by reckless galop's strain —
By dim verandas and by soft replies,
Give us our ravished ball-room back again !

Or, hearken to the curse we lay on you !
The ghost of waltzes shall perplex your brain,
And murmurs of past merriment pursue
Your 'wildered clerks that they indite in vain ;
And, when you count your poor Provincial millions,
The only figures that your pen shall frame
Shall be the figures of dear, dear cotillions
Danced out in tumult long before you came.

Yea ! " See Saw " shall upset your estimates,
" Dream Faces " shall your heavy heads bemuse,
Because your hand, unheeding, desecrates
Our temple, fit for higher, worthier use.
And all the long verandas, eloquent
With echoes of a score of Simla years,
Shall plague you with unbidden sentiment —
Babbling of kisses, laughter, love, and tears.

So shall you mazed amid old memories stand,
So shall you toil, and shall accomplish naught,
And ever in your ears a phantom Band
Shall blare away the staid official thought.

The Plea of the Simla Dancers

Wherefore — and ere this awful curse be spoken,
Cast out your swarthy sacrilegious train,
And give — ere dancing cease and hearts be broken —
Give us our ravished ball-room back again !

BALLAD OF FISHER'S BOARD- ING-HOUSE

That night, when through the mooring chains
The wide-eyed corpse rolled free,
To blunder down by Garden Reach
And rot at Kedgerree,
The tale the Hughli told the shoal
The lean shoal told to me.

'T was Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
Where sailor-men reside,
And there were men of all the ports
From Mississip to Clyde,
And regally they spat and smoked,
And fearsomely they lied.

They lied about the purple Sea
That gave them scanty bread,
They lied about the Earth beneath,
The Heavens overhead,
For they had looked too often on
Black rum when that was red.

They told their tales of wreck and wrong,
Of shame and lust and fraud,
They backed their toughest statements with
The Brimstone of the Lord
And crackling oaths went to and fro
Across the fist-banged board.

Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-House

And there was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,
Bull-throated, bare of arm,
Who carried on his hairy chest
The maid Ultruda's charm —
The little silver crucifix .
That keeps a man from harm.

And there was Jake Without-the-Ears,
And Pamba the Malay,
And Carboy Gin the Guinea cook,
And Luz from Vigo Bay,
And Honest Jack who sold them slops,
And harvested their pay.

And there was Salem Hardieker,
A lean Bostonian he —
Russ, German, English, Halfbreed, Finn,
Yank, Dane, and Portugee,
At Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
They rested from the sea.

Now Anne of Austria shared their drinks,
Collinga knew her fame,
From Tarnau in Galicia
To Jaun Bazar she came,
To eat the bread of infamy
And take the wage of shame.

She held a dozen men to heel —
Rich spoil of war was hers,

Other Verses

In hose and gown and ring and chain,
From twenty mariners,
And, by Port Law, that week, men called
Her Salem Hardieker's.

But seamen learnt — what landmen know —
That neither gifts nor gain
Can hold a winking Light o' Love
Or Fancy's flight restrain,
When Anne of Austria rolled her eyes
On Hans the blue-eyed Dane.

Since Life is strife, and strife means knife,
From Howrah to the Bay,
And he may die before the dawn
Who liquored out the day,
In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
We woo while yet we may.

But cold was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,
Bull-throated, bare of arm,
And laughter shook the chest beneath
The maid Ultruda's charm —
The little silver crucifix
That keeps a man from harm.

"You speak to Salem Hardieker,
You was his girl, I know.
I ship mineselfs to-morrow, see,
Und round the Skaw we go,
South, down the Cattegat, by Hjelm,
To Besser in Saro."

Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-House

When love rejected turns to hate,
All ill betide the man.
"You speak to Salem Hardieker," —
She spoke as woman can.
A scream — a sob — "He called me — names!"
And then the fray began.

An oath from Salem Hardieker,
A shriek upon the stairs,
A dance of shadows on the wall,
A knife-thrust unawares —
And Hans came down, as cattle drop,
Across the broken chairs.

.

In Anne of Austria's trembling hands
The weary head fell low : —
"I ship mineselfs to-morrow, straight
For Besser in Saro :
Und there Ultruda comes to me
At Easter, und I go

"South, down the Cattegat — What 's here ?
There — are — no — lights — to — guide !"
The mutter ceased, the spirit passed,
And Anne of Austria cried
In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
When Hans the mighty died.

Other Verses

Thus slew they Hans the blue-eyed Dane,
Bull-throated, bare of arm,
But Anne of Austria looted first
The maid Ultruda's charm —
The little silver crucifix
That keeps a man from harm.

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF HAFIZ

I.

If It be pleasant to look on, stalled in the packed
 serai,
Does not the Young Man try Its temper and pace ere
 he buy?
If She be pleasant to look on, what does the Young
 Man say?
Lo ! She is pleasant to look on, give Her to me to-day.

II.

Yea, though a Kafir die, to him is remitted Jehannum
If he borrowed in life from a native at sixty per cent.
 per annum.

III.

Blister we not for *bursati* ? So when the heart is
 vext,
The pain of one maiden's refusal is drowned in the
 pain of the next.

Serai: An inn, caravanserai.

Kafir: Unbeliever, from the Moslem point of view.

Jehannum: Gehenna, hell.

Bursati: Cooling rains.

Other Verses

IV.

The temper of chums, the love of your wife, and a
new piano's tune —
Which of the three will you trust at the end of an
Indian June?

V.

Who are the rulers of Ind—to whom shall we bow
the knee?
Make your peace with the women, and men will make
you L. G.

VI.

Does the woodpecker flit round the young *ferash*?
Does grass clothe a new-built wall?
Is she under thirty, the woman who holds a boy in
her thrall?

VII.

If She grow suddenly gracious — reflect. Is it all for
thee?
The black-buck is stalked through the bullock, and
Man through jealousy.

VIII.

Seek not for favor of women. So shall you find it
indeed.
Does not the boar break cover just when you're light-
ing a weed?

Ferash: The date tree.

Certain Maxims of Hafiz

IX.

If He play, being young and unskilful, for shekels of
silver and gold,
Take His money, my son, praising Allah. The kid
was ordained to be sold.

X.

With a "weed" among men or horses verily this is
the best,
That you work him in office or dog-cart lightly — but
give him no rest.

XI.

Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improving the man-
ners and carriage;
But the colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible
thorn-bit of Marriage.

XII.

As the thriftless gold of the *babul*, so is the gold that
we spend
On a Derby Sweep, or our neighbor's wife, or the
horse that we buy from a friend.

XIII.

The ways of man with a maid be strange, yet simple
and tame
To the ways of a man with a horse, when selling or
racing that same.

Babul: A jungle tree, the mimosa, yellow-flowered.

Other Verses

XIV.

In public Her face turneth to thee, and pleasant Her
smile when ye meet.
It is ill. The cold rocks of El-Gidar smile thus on
the waves at their feet.
In public Her face is averted, with anger She nameth
thy name.
It is well. Was there ever a loser content with the
loss of the game ?

XV.

If She have spoken a word, remember thy lips are
sealed,
And the Brand of the Dog is upon him by whom is
the secret revealed.
If She have written a letter, delay not an instant, but
burn it.
Tear it in pieces, O Fool, and the wind to her mate
shall return it !
If there be trouble to Herward, and a lie of the black-
est can clear,
Lie, while thy lips can move or a man is alive to hear.

XVI.

My Son, if a maiden deny thee and scufflingly bid thee
give o'er,
Yet lip meets with lip at the lastward — get out ! She
has been there before,
They are pecked on the ear and the chin and the nose
who are lacking in lore.

Certain Maxims of Hafiz

XVII.

If we fall in the race, though we win, the hoof-slide is
scarred on the course.
Though Allah and Earth pardon Sin, remaineth for-
ever Remorse.

XVIII.

“By all I am misunderstood!” if the Matron shall
say, or the Maid :—
“Alas! I do not understand,” my son, be thou nowise
afraid.
In vain in the sight of the Bird is the net of the Fow-
ler displayed.

XIX.

My son, if I, Hafiz, thy father, take hold of thy knees
in my pain,
Demanding thy name on stamped paper, one day or
one hour — refrain.
Are the links of thy fetters so light that thou cravest
another man's chain?

THE GRAVE OF THE HUNDRED HEAD

*There's a widow in sleepy Chester
Who weeps for her only son;
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,
A grave that the Burmans shun,
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri
Who tells how the work was done.*

A snider squibbed in the jungle,
Somebody laughed and fled,
And the men of the First Shikaris
Picked up their Subaltern dead,
With a big blue mark in his forehead
And the back blown out of his head.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,
Jemadar Hira Lal,
Took command of the party,
Twenty rifles in all,
Marched them down to the river
As the day was beginning to fall.

They buried the boy by the river,
A blanket over his face —

Subadar: Native Captain.
Jemadar: Native first lieutenant.

The Grave of the Hundred Head

They wept for their dead Lieutenant,
The men of an alien race —
They made a *samád*h in his honor,
A mark for his resting-place.

For they swore by the Holy Water,
They swore by the salt they ate,
That the soul of Lieutenant Eshmitt Sahib
Should go to his God in state ;
With fifty file of Burman
To open him Heaven's gate.

The men of the First Shikaris
Marched till the break of day
Till they came to the rebel village,
The village of Pabengmay —
A *jingal* covered the clearing,
Calthrops hampered the way.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,
Bidding them load with ball,
Halted a dozen rifles
Under the village wall ;
Sent out a flanking party
With Jemadar Hira Lal.

The men of the First Shikaris
Shouted and smote and slew,

*Samád*h: A cairn.

Eshmitt Sahib: Mr. Smith.

Jingal: Old-fashioned artillery, a wheeled blunderbuss.

Other Verses

Turning the grinning *jingal*
On to the howling crew.
The Jemadar's flanking-party
Butchered the folk who flew.

Long was the morn of slaughter,
Long was the list of slain,
Five score heads were taken,
Five score heads and twain :
And the men of the First Shikaris
Went back to their grave again,

Each man bearing a basket
Red as his palms that day,
Red as the blazing village —
The village of Pabengmay.
And the “ *drip-drip-drip* ” from the baskets
Reddened the grass by the way.

They made a pile of their trophies
High as a tall man's chin,
Head upon head distorted,
Set in a sightless grin,
Anger and pain and terror
Stamped on the smoke-scorched skin.

Subadar Prag Tewarri
Put the head of the Boh
On the top of the mound of triumph,
The head of his son below,
With the sword and the peacock-banner
That the world might behold and know.

Boh : Burmese village headman.

The Grave of the Hundred Head

Thus the *samádh* was perfect,
Thus was the lesson plain
Of the wrath of the First Shikaris —
The price of a white man slain ;
And the men of the First Shikaris
Went back into camp again.

Then a silence came to the river,
A hush fell over the shore,
And Bohs that were brave departed,
And Sniders squibbed no more ;
For the Burmans said
That a *kullah's* head
Must be paid for with heads five score.

*There's a widow in sleepy Chester
Who weeps for her only son ;
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,
A grave that the Burmans shun,
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri
Who tells how the work was done.*

Kullah : A foreign white man.

THE OVERLAND MAIL

(Foot-Service to the Hills.)

In the name of the Empress of India, make way,
O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you roam.
The woods are astir at the close of the day —
We exiles are waiting for letters from Home.
Let the robber retreat — let the tiger turn tail —
In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail !

With a jingle of bells as the dusk gathers in,
He turns to the foot-path that heads up the hill —
The bags on his back and a cloth round his chin,
And, tucked in his waist-belt, the Post-Office bill : —
“ Despatched on this date, as received by the rail,
Per runner, two bags of the Overland Mail.”

Is the torrent in spate ? He must ford it or swim.
Has the rain wrecked the road ? He must climb
by the cliff.
Does the tempest cry “ Halt ” ? What are tempests
to him ?
The Service admits not a “ but ” or an “ if.”
While the breath’s in his mouth, he must bear with-
out fail,
In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.

The Overland Mail

From aloe to rose-oak, from rose-oak to fir,
From level to upland, from upland to crest,
From rice-field to rock-ridge, from rock-ridge to spur,
Fly the soft sandaled feet, strains the brawny
brown chest.

From rail to ravine — to the peak from the vale —
Up, up through the night goes the Overland Mail.

There 's a speck on the hillside, a dot on the road —
A jingle of bells on the foot-path below —
There 's a scuffle above in the monkey's abode —
The world is awake, and the clouds are aglow.
For the great Sun himself must attend to the hail : —
“ In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail ! ”

THE UNDERTAKER'S HORSE

“To-tschin Shu is condemned to death. How can he drink tea with the Executioner ?” — *Japanese Proverb.*

The eldest son bestrides him,
And the pretty daughter rides him,
And I meet him oft o' mornings on the Course ;
And there wakens in my bosom
An emotion chill and gruesome
As I canter past the Undertaker's Horse.

Neither shies he nor is restive,
But a hideously suggestive
Trot, professional and placid, he affects ;
And the cadence of his hoof-beats
To my mind, this grim reproof beats :—
“ Mend your pace, my friend, I 'm coming.
Who 's the next ? ”

Ah ! stud-bred of ill-omen,
I have watched the strongest go — men
Of pith and might and muscle — at your heels,
Down the plantain-bordered highway
(Heaven send if ne'er be my way !),
In a lacquered box and jetty upon wheels.

The Undertaker's Horse

Answer, sombre beast and dreary,
Where is Brown, the young, the cheery,
Smith, the pride of all his friends and half the
Force ?

You were at that dread *dak*
We must cover at a walk,
Bring them back to me, O Undertaker's Horse !

With your mane unhogged and flowing,
And your curious way of going,
And that businesslike black crimping of your
tail,
E'en with Beauty on your back, sir,
Pacing as a lady's hack, sir,
What wonder when I meet you I turn pale ?

It may be you wait your time, Beast,
Till I write my last bad rhyme, Beast,
Quit the sunlight, cut the rhyming, drop the
glass,
Follow after with the others,
Where some dusky heathen smothers
Us with marigolds in lieu of English grass.

Or, perchance, in years to follow,
I shall watch your plump sides hollow,
See Cornifex (gone lame) become a corse,
See old age at last o'erpower you,
And the Station Pack devour you,
I shall chuckle then, O Undertaker's Horse !

Dak: Journey.

Other Verses

But to insult, gibe, and quest, I 've
Still the hideously suggestive
Trot that hammers out the grim and warning
text,
And I hear it hard behind me,
In what place so e'er I find me : —
“ Sure to catch you sooner or later. Who 's the
next ? ”

THE FALL OF JOCK GILLESPIE

This fell when dinner-time was done —
 'Twixt the first an' the second rub —
That oor mon Jock cam' hame again
 To his rooms ahint the Club.

An' syne he laughed, an' syne he sang,
 An' syne we thocht him fou,
An' syne he trumped his partner's trick,
 An' garred his partner rue.

Then up and spake an elder mon,
 That held the Spade its Ace —
“ God save the lad ! Whence comes the licht
 That wimples on his face ? ”

An' Jock he sniggered, an' Jock he smiled,
 An' ower the card-brim wunk : —
“ I'm a' too fresh fra' the stirrup-peg,
 May be that I am drunk.”

“ There's whusky brewed in Galashiels,
 An' L. L. L. forbye ;
But never liquor lit the low
 That keeks fra' oot your eye.

Other Verses

“There’s a thrird o’ hair on your dress-coat
breast,

Aboon the heart a wee ? ”

“Oh ! that is fra’ the lang-haired Skye
That slobbers ower me.”

“Oh ! lang-haired Skyes are lovin’ beasts,
An’ Terrier dogs are fair,
But never yet was terrier born
Wi’ ell-lang gowden hair !

“There’s a smirch o’ pouter on your breast,
Below the left lappel ? ”

“Oh ! that is fra’ my auld cigar,
Whenas the stump-end fell.”

“Mon Jock, ye smoke the Trichi coarse,
For ye are short o’ cash,
An’ best Havanas couldna leave
Sae white an’ pure an ash.

“This nicht ye stopped a story braid,
An’ stopped it wi’ a curse —
Last nicht ye told that tale yoursel
An’ capped it wi’ a worse !

“Oh ! we’re no fou ! Oh ! we’re no fou !
But plainly we can ken
Ye ’re fallin’, fallin’, fra’ the band
O’ cantie single men ! ”

Trichi : For Trichinopoli, where good cigars are made.

The Fall of Jock Gillespie

An' it fell when *sirris*-shaws were sere,
An' the nichts were lang and mirk,
In braw new breeks, wi' a gowden ring,
Oor Jockie gaed to the Kirk.

Sirris : A sort of acacia

THE BETROTHED

“ You must choose between me and your cigar.”

Open the old cigar-box, get me a Cuba stout,
For things are running crossways, and Maggie and I
are out.

We quarreled about Havanas — we fought o'er a
good cheeroot,
And I know she is exacting, and she says I am a brute.

Open the old cigar-box — let me consider a space ;
In the soft blue veil of the vapor, musing on Maggie's
face.

Maggie is pretty to look at — Maggie 's a loving lass,
But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the truest of
loves must pass.

There 's peace in a Laranaga, there 's calm in a Henry
Clay,
But the best cigar in an hour is finished and thrown
away —

Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe and
brown —
But I could not throw away Maggie, for fear o' the
talk o' the town !

The Betrothed

Maggie, my wife at fifty — gray and dour and old —
With never another Maggie to purchase for love or
gold !

And the light of Days that have Been, the dark of the
Days that Are,
And Love's torch stinking and stale, like the butt of a
dead cigar —

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep in
your pocket —
With never a new one to light though it's charred
and black to the socket.

Open the old cigar-box — let me consider a while —
Here is a mild Manilla — there is a wifely smile.

Which is the better portion — bondage bought with a
ring,
Or a harem of dusky beauties fifty tied in a string ?

Counselors cunning and silent — comforters true and
tried.
And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival bride.

Thought in the early morning, solace in time of woes,
Peace in the hush of the twilight, balm ere my eyelids
close.

This will the fifty give me, asking nought in return,
With only a *Suttee's* passion — to do their duty and burn.

Suttee: The self-destruction of a widow on her husband's funeral
pyre.

Other Verses

This will the fifty give me. When they are spent
and dead,

Five times other fifties shall be my servants instead.

The furrows of far-off Java, the isles of the Spanish
Main,

When they hear my harem is empty, will send me my
brides again.

I will take no heed to their raiment, nor food for their
mouth withal,

So long as the gulls are nesting, so long as the showers
fall.

I will scent 'em with best vanilla, with tea will I
temper their hides,

And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy who read
of the tale of my brides.

For Maggie has written a letter to give me my choice
between

The wee little whimpering Love and the great god
Nick o' Teen.

And I have been servant of Love for barely a twelve-
month clear,

But I have been Priest of Partagas a matter of seven
year ;

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked with
the cheery light

Of stumps that I burned to Friendship and Pleasure
and Work and Fight.

The Betrothed

And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie and I
must prove,
But the only light on the marshes is the Will-o'-the-
Wisp of Love.

Will it see me safe through my journey, or leave me
bogged in the mire ?
Since a puff of tobacco can cloud it, shall I follow the
fitful fire ?

Open the old cigar-box — let me consider anew —
Old friends, and who is Maggie that I should abandon
you ?

A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear the yoke ;
And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a
Smoke.

Light me another Cuba ; I hold to my first-sworn
vows,
If Maggie will have no rival, I 'll have no Maggie for
spouse !

GRIFFEN'S DEBT

Imprimis he was "broke." Thereafter left
His regiment, and, later, took to drink ;
Then, having lost the balance of his friends,
"Went Fantee"—joined the people of the land,
Turned three parts Mussulman and one Hindu,
And lived among the Gauri villagers,
Who gave him shelter and a wife or twain,
And boasted that a thorough, full-blood *sahib*
Had come among them. Thus he spent his time,
Deeply indebted to the village *shroff*
(Who never asked for payment), always drunk,
Unclean, abominable, out-at-heels ;
Forgetting that he was an Englishman.

You know they dammed the Gauri with a dam,
And all the good contractors scamped their work,
And all the bad material at hand
Was used to dam the Gauri—which was cheap,
And, therefore, proper. Then the Gauri burst,
And several hundred thousand cubic tons
Of water dropped into the valley, *flop*,
And drowned some five and twenty villagers,
And did a lakh or two of detriment
To crops and cattle. When the flood went down
We found him dead, beneath an old dead horse,

Shroff: Money lender.

Lakh: \$25,000, about.

Griffen's Debt

Full six miles down the valley. So we said
He was a victim to the Demon Drink,
And moralized upon him for a week,
And then forgot him. Which was natural.

But in the valley of the Gaüri, men
Beneath the shadow of the big new dam
Relate a foolish legend of the flood,
Accounting for the little loss of life
(Only those five and twenty villagers)
In this wise : On the evening of the flood,
They heard the groaning of the rotten dam,
And voices of the Mountain Devils. Then
An incarnation of the local God,
Mounted upon a monster-neighing horse,
And flourishing a flail-like whip, came down,
Breathing ambrosia, to the villages,
And fell upon the simple villagers
With yells beyond the power of mortal throat.
And blows beyond the power of mortal hand,

And smote them with the flail-like whip, and drove
Them clamorous with terror up the hill,
And scattered, with the monster-neighing steed,
Their crazy cottages about their ears,
And generally cleared those villages.

Then came the water, and the local God,
Breathing ambrosia, flourishing his whip,
And mounted on his monster-neighing steed,
Went down the valley with the flying trees

Other Verses

And residue of homesteads, while they watched
Safe on the mountain-side these wondrous things,
And knew that they were much beloved of Heaven.
Wherefore, and when the dam was newly built,
They raised a temple to the local God,
And burned all manner of unsavory things
Upon his altar, and created priests,
And blew into a conch, and banged a bell,
And told the story of the Gauri flood
With circumstance and much embroidery.

So he, the whiskified Objectionable,
Unclean, abominable, out-at-heels,
Became the tutelary Deity
Of all the Gauri valley villages ;
And may in time become a Solar Myth.

IN SPRINGTIME

My garden blazes brightly with the rose-bush and the
peach,

And the *koil* sings above it, in the *siris* by the well ;
From the creeper-covered trellis comes the squirrel's
chattering speech,

And the blue-jay screams and flutters where the
cheery *sat-bhai* dwell.

But the rose has lost its fragrance, and the *koil's* note
is strange ;

I am sick of endless sunshine, sick of blossom-
burdened bough.

Give me back the leafless woodlands where the winds
of Springtime range —

Give me back one day in England, for it 's Spring
in England now !

Through the pines the gusts are booming, o'er the
brown fields blowing chill,

From the furrow of the ploughshare streams the
fragrance of the loam,

And the hawk nests on the cliff-side and the jackdaw
in the hill,

And my heart is back in England mid the sights
and sounds of Home.

Koil : Nightingale.

Siris : A forest tree, the acacia.

Sat-bhai : A sort of thrush.

Other Verses

But the garland of the sacrifice this wealth of rose
and peach is ;

Ah ! *koil*, little *koil*, singing on the *siri's* bough,
In my ears the knell of exile your ceaseless bell-like
speech is —

Can *you* tell me aught of England or of Spring in
England now ?

THE GALLEY SLAVE

Oh, gallant was our galley from her cavern steering-wheel
To her figurehead of silver and her beak of hammered steel;
The leg-bar chafed the ankle, and we gasped for cooler air,
But no galley on the water with our galley could compare!

Our bulkheads bulged with cotton, and our masts were stepped in gold —
We ran a mighty merchandise of niggers in the hold;
The white foam spun behind us, and the black shark swam below,
As we gripped the kicking sweep-head, and we made that galley go.

It was merry in the galley, for we reveled now and then —
If they wore us down like cattle, faith, we fought and loved like men!
As we snatched her through the water, so we snatched a minute's bliss,
And the mutter of the dying never spoiled the lover's kiss.

Other Verses

Our women and our children toiled beside us in the
dark—

They died, we filed their fetters, and we heaved them
to the shark—

We heaved them to the fishes, but so fast the galley
sped,

We had only time to envy, for we could not mourn
our dead.

Bear witness, once my comrades, what a hard-bit
gang were we—

The servants of the sweep-head, but the masters of
the sea!

By the hands that drove her forward as she plunged
and yawed and sheered,

Woman, Man, or God, or Devil, was there anything
we feared?

Was it storm? Our fathers faced it, and a wilder
never blew;

Earth that waited for the wreckage watched the gal-
ley struggle through.

Burning noon or choking midnight, Sickness, Sorrow,
Parting, Death?

Nay, our very babes would mock you, had they time
for idle breath.

But to-day I leave the galley, and another takes my
place;

There's my name upon the deck-beam—let it stand
a little space.

The Galley Slave

I am free—to watch my messmates beating out to
open main,
Free of all that Life can offer—save to handle sweep
again.

By the brand upon my shoulder, by the gall of cling-
ing steel,
By the welt the whips have left me, by the scars that
never heal;
By eyes grown old with staring through the sunwash
on the brine,
I am paid in full for service—would that service still
were mine!

Yet they talk of times and seasons and of woe the
years bring forth,
Of our galley swamped and shattered in the rollers of
the North.
When the niggers break the hatches, and the decks
are gay with gore,
And a craven-hearted pilot crams her crashing on the
shore.

She will need no half-mast signal, minute-gun, or
rocket-flare,
When the cry for help goes seaward, she will find her
servants there.
Battered chain-gangs of the orlop, grizzled drafts of
years gone by,
To the bench that broke their manhood, they shall
lash themselves and die.

Other Verses

Hale and crippled, young and aged, paid, deserted,
shipped away —
Palace, cot, and lazaretto shall make up the tale that
day,
When the skies are black above them, and the decks
ablaze beneath,
And the top-men clear the raffle with their clasp-
knives in their teeth.

It may be that Fate will give me life and leave to row
once more —
Set some strong man free for fighting as I take awhile
his oar.
But to-day I leave the galley. Shall I curse her serv-
ice then?
God be thanked — whate'er comes after, I have lived
and toiled with men!

L' ENVOI

(To whom it may concern.)

The smoke upon your Altar dies,
The flowers decay,
The Goddess of your sacrifice,
Has flown away.
What profit, then, to sing or slay
The sacrifice from day to day?

“We know the Shrine is void,” they said,
“The Goddess flown —
Yet wreaths are on the Altar laid —
The Altar-Stone
Is black with fumes of sacrifice,
Albeit She has fled our eyes.

“For, it may be, if still we sing
And tend the Shrine,
Some Deity on wandering wing
May there incline;
And, finding all in order meet,
Stay while we worship at Her feet.”

VERSES FROM THE
PROSE WORKS

VERSES FROM THE PROSE WORKS

DON'T YOU 'EED WHAT A GIRL SAYS

My girl she give me the go oncet,
When I was a London lad,
An' I went on a drunk for a fortnight,
An' then I went to the bad.
The queen she gave me a shillin',
To fight for 'er over the seas;
But guv'ment built me a fever-trap,
An' Injia gave me disease.

(*Chorus.*) Ho ! don't you 'eed what a girl says,
An' don't you go for the beer,
But I was an ass when I was at grass,
An' that is why I 'm 'ere.

I fired a shot at an Afghan ;
The beggar 'e fired again ;
An' I lay on my bed with a 'ole in my 'ead,
An' missed the next campaign !
I up with my gun at a Burman
Who carried a bloomin' *dah*,
But the cartridge stuck an' the bay'nit bruk,
An' all I got was the scar.

Dah : Burman for *machete*.

Verses from the Prose Works

(*Chorus.*) Ho ! don't you aim at a Afghan
When you stand on the sky-line clear ;
An' don't you go for a Burman
If none o' your friends is near.

I served my time for a corp'ral,
An' wetted my stripes with pop ;
For I went on the bend with an intimate
friend,
An' finished the night in the shop.
I served my time for a sergeant ;
The colonel 'e sez " No !
The most you 'll be is a full C. B.,"
An' — very next night 't was so.

(*Chorus.*) Ho ! don 't you go for a corp'ral,
Unless your 'ead is clear ;
But I was an ass when I was at grass,
An' that is why I 'm 'ere.

I 've tasted the luck o' the army
In barrack an' camp an' clink,
An' I lost my tip through the bloomin' trip,
Along o' the women an' drink,
I 'm down at the heel o' my service,
An' when I am laid on the shelf,
My very worst friend from beginning to end,
By the blood of a mouse, was myself.

C. B. : Confined to Barracks.

Verses from the Prose Works

(*Chorus.*) Ho ! don't you 'eed what a girl says,
An' don't you go for the beer ;
But I was an ass when I was at grass,
An' that is why I 'm ' ere.

THE DECENT MAN

He must be a man of decent height,
He must be a man of weight,
He must come home on a Saturday night
In a thoroughly sober state ;
He must know how to love me,
And he must know how to kiss ;
And if he 's enough to keep us both
I can 't refuse him bliss.

ALL THE WAY TO KANDAHAR

Then we brought the lances down, then the bugles blew,
When we went to Kandahar, ridin' two an' two.
Ridin', ridin', ridin', two an' two,
Ta-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra,
All the way to Kandahar, ridin' two an' two.

THEEBAU, THE BURMAH KING

Theebau, the Burmah king, did a very foolish thing
When 'e mustered 'ostile forces in ar-rai.
'E little thought that *we*, from far across the sea,
Would send our armies up to Mandalai !

Verses from the Prose Works

A TRUSTY CHUM

Oh ! Where would I be when my froat was dry ?
Oh ! Where would I be when the bullets fly ?
Oh ! Where would I be when I come to die ?

Why,

Somewheres anigh my chum.

If 'e 's liquor, 'e 'll give me some,
If I 'm dyin', 'e 'll 'old my 'ead,
An' 'e 'll write 'em 'Ome when I 'm dead.—
Gawd send us a trusty chum !

JAIN 'ARDIN'

Jain 'Ardin' was a Sarjint's wife,
A Sarjint's wife wuz she.
She married of 'im in Orldershort
An' comed acrost the sea.

(Chorus.) 'Ave you never 'eard tell o' Jain 'Ardin' ?
Jain 'Ardin' ?
Jain 'Ardin' ?
'Ave you never 'eard teil o' Jain 'Ardin' ?
The pride of the companee ?

THE BAYNIT AND THE BUTT

So we loosed a bloomin' volley,
An' we made the beggars cut,
An' when our pouch was emptied out,
We used the bloomin' butt,
Ho ! My !
Don't yer come anigh,
When Tommy is a playin' with the baynit
an' the butt.

Verses from the Prose Works

THE BOLD AFGHAN

An' when the war began, we chased the bold Afghan,
An' we made the bloomin' Ghazi for to flee, boys O !
An' we marched into *Kabul*, and we tuk the Balar 'Issa,
An' we taught 'em to respec' the British Soldier.

TO THE KREMLIN

Listen in the north, my boys, there's trouble on the
wind ;
Tramp o' Cossack's hoofs in front, gray great-coats
behind,
Trouble on the frontier of a most amazin' kind,
Trouble on the water o' the Oxus !
(*Chorus.*) Hurrah ! hurrah ! it's north by west we go ;
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the chance we wanted so :
Let 'em hear the chorus from Umballa to
Moscow,
As we go marching to the Kremlin.

JOHN MALONE

Did you see John Malone, wid his shinin', brand-new
hat ?
Did ye see how he walked like a grand aristocrat ?
There was flags an' banners wavin' high, an' dhress
and shtyle were shown,
But the best av all the company was Misther John
Malone.

THE WAKE OF TIM O'HARA

To the wake av Tim O' Hara came company,
All St. Patrick's Alley was there to see.

Verses from the Prose Works

TOOLUNGALA STOCKYARD CHORUS

And some are sulky, while some will plunge
(*So ho! Steady! Stand still, you!*)
Some you must gentle, some you must lunge.
(*There! There! Who wants to kill you?*)
Some — there are losses in every trade —
Will break their hearts ere bitted and made,
Will fight like fiends as the rope cuts hard,
And die dumb-mad in the breaking yard.

LITTLE TIN GODS

Pleasant it is for the Little Tin Gods
When great Jove nods ;
But Little Tin Gods make their little mistakes
In missing the hour when great Jove wakes.

THE RAMROD CORPS

Hurrah! hurrah! a soldier's life for me!
Shout, boys, shout ! for it makes you jolly and free.

WHILE THE SNAFFLE HOLDS

While the snaffle holds, or the "long-neck" stings,
While the big beam tilts, or the last bell rings,
While horses are horses to train and to race,
Then women and wine take a second place
For me — for me —
While a short "ten-three"
Has a field to squander or a fence to face !

Verses from the Prose Works

GOING AWAY

When we go — go — go away from here,
Our creditors will weep and they will wail,
Our absence much regretting when they find that
we've been getting .
Out of England by next Tuesday's Indian mail.

LIFE'S HANDICAP

“ Stopped in the straight when the race was his own !
Look at him cutting it — cur to the bone ! ”
“ Ask, ere the youngster be rated and chidden,
What did he carry and how was he ridden ?
Maybe they used him too much at the start ;
Maybe Fate's weight-cloths are breaking his heart.”

. . .

Ride with an idle whip, ride with an unused heel.
But, once in a way, there will come a day
When the colt must be taught to feel
The lash that falls, and the curb that galls,
And the sting of the rowelled steel.

WORK

Baffled and beaten back, she works on still ;
Weary and sick of toil, she works the more.
Sustained by her indomitable will,
The hands shall fashion and the brain shall pore.
And all her sorrow shall be turned to labor.

Verses from the Prose Works

THE DEAD PAST

If a young man should marry you,
Say nothin' about the joke :
That iver ye slep' in a sinthry box,
Wrapped up in a soldier's cloak.

TO CHICAGO

I know thy cunning and thy greed,
Thy hard high lust and wilful deed,
And all thy glory loves to tell
Of specious gifts material.

WAITING FOR JOHNNIE

Minnie bakes oaten cake, Minnie brews ale,
All because her Johnnie's coming home from the sea,
And she grows red as rose who was so pale ;
And " Are you sure the church-clock goes ? " says she.

BIG BARN STORIES

So we settled it all when the storm was done,
As comf'y as comf'y could be ;
And I was to wait in the barn, my dears,
Because I was only three,
And Teddy would run to the rainbow's foot,
Because he was five and a man ;
And that's how it all began, my dears,
And that's how it all began.

Verses from the Prose Works

NURSERY RHYME

Dribble-dribble — trickle-trickle —
What a lot of raw dust !
My dollie's had an accident
And out came all the sawdust !

THE TWO POTTERS

If I have taken the common clay ,
And wrought it cunningly
In the shape of a god that was digged of a
clod,
The greater honor to me.

If thou hast taken the common clay,
And thy hands be not free
From the taint of the soil thou hast made
thy spoil
The greater shame to thee.

THE CRASHING CHORUS

Youth's daring spirit, manhood's fire,
Firm hand, and eagle eye
Must he acquire who would aspire
To see the gray boar die.

Verses from the Prose Works

VIBART'S MORALITIES

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken any way you please, is bad,
And strands them in forsaken guts and creeks
No decent soul would think of visiting.
You can not stop the tide; but now and then,
You may arrest some rash adventurer
Who — h'm — will hardly thank you for
your pains.

Cry " Murder ! " in the market-place, and each
Will turn upon his neighbor anxious eyes
That ask: " Art thou the man ? " We
hunted Cain,
Some centuries ago, across the world,
That bred the fear our own misdeeds maintain
To-day.

THE MESS ROOM

He drank strong waters and his speech was
coarse;
He purchased raiment and forebore to pay;
He stuck a trusting junior with a horse,
And won gymkhanas in a doubtful way,
Then, 'twixt a vice and folly, turned aside
To do good deeds and straight, to cloak them,
lied.

Verses from the Prose Works

SIR HUGHIE AND THE FAIRIES

"I have a thousand men," said he,
 "To wait upon my will,
And towers nine upon the Tyne,
 And three upon the Till."

"And what care I for your men," said she,
 "Or towers from Tyne to Till,
Sith you must go with me," she said.
 "To wait upon my will?"

"And you may lead a thousand men,
 Nor never draw the rein ;
But ere ye lead the Faery Queen
 'T will burst your heart in twain."

He has slipped his foot from the stirrup bar,
 The bridle from his hand,
And he is bound by hand and foot
 To the Queen o' Faery Land.

THE PALACE OF ART

I built myself a lordly pleasure-house,
 Wherein at ease for aye to dwell ;
I said : " O Soul, make merry and carouse,
Dear Soul — for all is well."

Verses from the Prose Works

THE FIGHT OF HERIOT'S FORD

"What 's yon that follows at my side ?"
"The foe that ye must fight, my lord."
"That hirples swift as I can ride ?"
"The shadow of the night, my lord."
"Then wheel my horse against the foe !"
"He 's down and overpast, my lord.
Ye war against the sunset glow ;
The darkness gathers fast, my lord."

TWEED AND TILL.

Tweed said tae Till:
"What gars ye rin sae still ?"
Till said tae Tweed :
"Though ye rin wi' speed
An I rin slaw —
Yet where ye droon ae man
I droon twa."

ANY WIFE TO ANY HUSBAND.

Only why should it be with pain at all,
Why must I 'twixt the leaves of coronal
Put any kiss of pardon on thy brow?
Why should the other women know so much,
And talk together: Such the look and such
The smile he used to love with, then as now.

Verses from the Prose Works

ENVOY TO SOLDIERS THREE

And they were stronger hands than mine
That digged the Ruby from the earth —
More cunning brains that made it worth
The large desire of a King;
And bolder hearts that through the brine
Went down the Perfect Pearl to bring.

Lo, I have wrought in common clay
Rude figures of a rough-hewn race;
For Pearls strew not the market-place
In this my town of banishment,
Where with the shifting dust I play
And eat the bread of Discontent.

Yet is there life in that I make —
Oh, Thou who knowest, turn and see,
As Thou hast power over me,
So have I power over these,
Because I wrought them for Thy sake,
And breathed in them mine agonies.

Small mirth was in the making. Now
I lift the cloth that cloaks the clay,
And, wearied, at Thy feet I lay
My wares ere I go forth to sell.
The long bazaar will praise — but Thou —
Heart of my heart, have I done well?

Verses from the Prose Works

SHADOW HOUSES

Not though you die to-night, O Sweet, and wail,
A specter at my door,
Shall mortal Fear make Love immortal fail —
I shall but love you more,
Who, from Death's house returning, give me still
One moment's comfort in my matchless ill.

CONSEQUENCES

Rosicrucian subtleties
In the Orient had rise;
Ye may find their teachers still
Under Jacatala's Hill.
'Seek ye Bombast Paracelsus,
Read what Flood the Seeker tells us
Of the Dominant that runs
Through the cycles of the Suns —
Read my story last, and see
Luna at her apogee.

THREE FRIENDS

There were three friends that buried the fourth,
The mould in his mouth and the dust in his eyes;
And they went south, and east, and north —
The strong man fights, but the sick man dies.

There were three friends that spoke of the dead,
The strong man fights, but the sick man dies.
"And would he were here with us now," they said,
"The sun in our face and the wind in our eyes."

Verses from the Prose Works

THE DEAD MAN RODE

When the earth was sick, and the skies were gray,
And the woods were rotted with rain,
The Dead Man rode through the autumn day,
To visit his love again.

DIANA OF EPHEBUS

And the years went on, as the years must do ;
But our great Diana was always new —
Fresh, and blooming, and blond, and fair,
With azure eyes and with aureate hair ;
And all the folk, as they came or went,
Offered her praise to her heart's content.

TWO AND ONE

Thus, for a season, they fought it fair —
She and his cousin May —
Tactful, talented, debonaire,
Decorous foes were they ;
But never can battle of man compare
With merciless feminine fray.

THE WISE MAN'S SON

Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Verses from the Prose Works

TARRANT MOSS

I closed and drew for my love's sake,
That now is false to me,
And I slew the Riever of Tarrant Moss,
And set Dumey free.

And ever they give me praise and gold,
And ever I moan my loss;
For I struck the blow for my false love's sake,
And not for the men at the Moss.

THE ONLY SON

The lark will make her hymn to God,
The partridge call her brood,
While I forget the heath I trod,
The fields wherein I stood,
'T is dule to know not night from morn,
But deeper dule to know
I can but hear the hunter's horn,
That once I used to blow.

VANITY

"Vanity, all is Vanity," said Wisdom, scorn-
ing me —

I clasped my true Love's tender hand and
answered frank and free :

"If this be Vanity, who 'd be wise ?
If this be Vanity, who 'd be wise ?
If this be Vanity, who 'd be wise ?
Vanity let it be ! "

Poems from the Prose Works

THE LOVE SONG OF HAR DYAL

Alone upon the housetops, to the North
I turn and watch the lightning in the sky,—
The glamour of thy footsteps in the North,
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die !

Below my feet the still bazaar is laid
Far, far below the weary camels lie,—
The camels and the captives of my raid,
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die !

My father's wife is old and harsh with years,
And drudge of all my father's house am I.
My bread is sorrow, and my drink is tears,
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die !

CONFESSION

In the daytime, when she moved about me,
In the night, when she was sleeping at my side —
I was wearied, I was wearied of her presence.
Day by day and night by night I grew to hate her —
Would God that she or I had died !

SOLID AS OCEAN FOAM

Life liveth best in life, and doth not roam
To other realms if all be well at home.
“Solid as ocean foam,” quoth ocean foam.

Verses from the Prose Works

ARÉ-KO-KO

Oh, crow ! Go crow ! Baby 's sleeping sound,
And the wild plums grow in the jungle, only a penny
a pound —
Only a penny a pound, *Baba* — only a penny a pound.

THE WIDOWER

But I shall not understand,
Shall not see the face of my love,
Shall not know her for whom I strove,
Till she reach me forth her hand,
Saying, " Who but I have the right? "
And out of a troubled night
Shall draw me safe to the land.

IN DURANCE

To-night God knows what thing shall tide,
The Earth is racked and faint —
Expectant, sleepless, open-eyed;
And we, who from the Earth were made,
Thrill with our Mother's pain.

THE LOST BOWER

In the pleasant orchard-closes
" God bless all our gains," say we;
But " May God bless all our losses,"
Better suits with our degree.

Verses from the Prose Works

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED PAPERS OF MCINTOSH

JELLALUDIN

By the hoof of the Wild Goat uptossed
From the Cliff where She lay in the Sun,

Fell the Stone

To the Tarn where the daylight is lost ;
So She fell from the light of the Sun,
And alone.

Now the fall was ordained from the first,
With the Goat and the Cliff and the Tarn,

But the Stone

Knows only Her life is accursed,
As She sinks in the depths of the Tarn,
And alone.

Oh, Thou who hast builded the world !
Oh, Thou who hast lighted the Sun !
Oh, Thou who hast darkened the Tarn !

Judge Thou

The sin of the Stone that was hurled
By the Goat from the light of the Sun,
As She sinks in the mire of the Tarn,

Even now — even now — even now !

THE PARABLE OF CHAJJU BHAGAT

The World hath set its heavy yoke
Upon the old white-bearded folk

Who strive to please the King.

God's mercy is upon the young,
God's wisdom in the baby tongue
That fears not anything.

Verses from the Prose Works

A MAHRATTA LAONEE

Their warrior forces Chimnaje
Before the Peishwa led,
The Children of the Sun and Fire
Behind him turned and fled.

(*Chorus.*)

With them there fought who rides so free
With sword and turban red,
The warrior-youth who earns his fee
At peril of his head.

BEONI BAR

It was not in the open fight
We threw away the sword,
But in the lonely watching
In the darkness by the ford.
The waters lapped, the night-wind blew,
Full-armed the Fear was born and grew,
And we were flying ere we knew
From panic in the night.

THE CONVERT

Look, you have cast out Love ! What Gods are these
You bid me please ?
The Three in One, the One in Three ? Not so !
To my own Gods I go.
It may be they shall give me greater ease
Than your cold Christ and tangled Trinities.

Verses from the Prose Works

THE PEORA HUNT

Pit where the buffalo cooled his hide,
By the hot sun emptied, and blistered and dried ;
Log in the *reh*-grass, hidden and lone ;
Bund where the earth-rat's mounds are strown ;
Cave in the bank where the sly stream steals ;
Aloe that stabs at the belly and heels,
Jump if you dare on a steed untried —
Safer it is to go wide — go wide !
Hark, from in front where the best men ride :
“ *Pull to the off, boys ! Wide ! Go wide !* ”

THE OLD SHIKAREE

Go, stalk the red deer o'er the heather;
Ride, follow the fox, if you can !
But, for pleasure and profit together,
Allow me the hunting of Man, —
The chase of the Human, the search for the Soul
To its ruin,— the hunting of Man.

FROM THE DUSK TO THE DAWN

A stone's throw out on either hand
From that well-ordered road we tread,
And all the world is wild and strange ;
Churel and ghoul and *Djinn* and sprite
Shall bear us company to-night,
For we have reached the Oldest Land
Wherein the Powers of Darkness range.

Churel: Demon.

Djinn: Genii.

Verses from the Prose Works

THE CHARM OF THE BISARA

Little Blind Fish, thou art marvelous wise;
Little Blind Fish, who put out thy eyes?
Open thine ears while I whisper my wish:
Bring me a lover, thou little Blind Fish.

IN LEONEE

The wolf cub at even lay hid in the corn,
When the smoke of the cooking hung gray;
He knew where the doe made a couch for her fawn.
And he looked to his strength for his prey.
But the moon swept the smoke wreaths away,
And he turned from his meal in the villager's close,
And he bayed to the moon as she rose.

GYPSY SONG

The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,
The deer to the wholesome wold,
And the heart of man to the heart of a maid,
As it was in the days of old.

OATTA'S STORY

Then a pile of heads he laid —
Thirty thousand heaped on high —
All to please the Kafir maid,
Where the Oxus ripples by.
Grimly spake Atulla Khan:
"Love hath made this thing a Man."

Verses from the Prose Works

THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT

The City was of Night — perchance of Death,
But certainly of Night. . . .

As I came through the Desert, thus it was —
As I came through the Desert. . . .

And since they can not spend or use aright
The little time here given them in trust,
But lavish it in weary undelight
Of foolish toil and trouble, strife and lust —
They naturally clamor to inherit
The Everlasting Future — that their merit
May have full scope,
As surely is most just. . . .

Ah, well-a-day, for we are souls bereaved !
Of all the creatures under Heaven's wide scope
We are most hopeless, who had once most
 hope,
And most beliefless, who had most believed.

SALSETTE BOAT SONG

They burnt a corpse upon the sand —
 The light shown out afar ;
It guided home the plunging boats
 That beat from Zanzibar.
Spirit of Fire, where 'er Thy altars rise,
Thou art Light of Guidance to our eyes !

Verses from the Prose Works

LUCIA

Soft on thy tomb shall fond Remembrance shed
The warm, yet unavailing tear,
And purple flowers that deck the honored dead
Shall strew the loved and honored bier.

What needs the emblem, what the plaintive strain,
What all the arts that sculpture e'er expressed,
To tell the treasure that these walls contain?
Let those declare it most who knew her best.

The tender pity she would oft display,
Shall be with interest at her shrine returned,
Connubial love, connubial tears repay,
And Lucia loved shall still be Lucia mourned.

Though closed the lips, though stopped the tuneful
breath —
The silent, clay-cold monitress shall teach —
In all the alarming eloquence of death,
With double pathos to the heart shall preach.

Shall teach the virtuous maid, the faithful wife,
If young and fair, that young and fair was she,
Then close the useful lesson of her life,
And tell them what she is they soon must be.

Verses from the Prose Works

ENVOY TO THE GADSBYS

What is the moral? Who rides may read,
When the night is thick and the tracks are blind.
A friend at a pinch is a friend indeed;
But a fool to wait for the laggard behind:
Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne
He travels the fastest who travels alone.

White hands cling to the tightened rein,
Slipping the spur from the booted heel,
Tenderest voices cry, "Turn again,"
Red lips tarnish the scabbarded steel,
High hopes faint on a warm hearth-stone —
He travels the fastest who travels alone.

One may fall, but he falls by himself —
Falls by himself with himself to blame;
One may attain, and to him is the pelf,
Loot of the city in Gold or Fame:
Plunder of earth shall be all his own
Who travels the fastest and travels alone.

Wherefore the more ye be holpen and stayed —
Stayed by a friend in the hour of toil,
Sing the heretical song I have made —
His be the labor and yours be the spoil.
Win by his aid and the aid disown —
He travels the fastest who travels alone.

LATER VERSES

THE BALLAD OF THE EAST AND WEST

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the
twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they
come from the ends of the earth.*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border-side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the
Colonel's pride;
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the
dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden
her far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop
of the Guides :
“ Is there never a man of all my men can say where
Kamal hides ? ”

Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the
Ressaldar :
“ If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know
where his pickets are.

Later Verses

At dusk he harries the Abazai — at dawn he is into
Bonair ;

But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to
fare.

So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favor of God, ye may cut him off ere he win
to the Tongue of Jagai.

But if he be passed the Tongue of Jagai, right
swiftly turn ye then —

For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain
is sown with Kamal's men.

There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and
low lean thorn between,

And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a
man is seen."

The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough
dun was he,

With the mouth of a bell, and the heart of Hell,
and the head of the gallows-tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won ; they bid him
stay to eat —

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not
long at his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he
can fly,

Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of
the Tongue of Jagai —

Till he was aware of his father's mare, with Kamal
upon her back,

And when he could spy the white of her eye, he
made the pistol crack.

The Ballad of the East and West

He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.

"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if ye can ride."

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go —

The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit, and slugged his head above,

But the red mare played with the snaffle bars as a maiden plays with a glove.

There was rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,

And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick, though never a man was seen.

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn —

The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new roused fawn.

The dun he fell at a watercourse — in a woful heap fell he,

And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand — small room was there to strive —

"'T was only by favor of mine," quoth he, "ye rode so long alive:

Later Verses

There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not
a clump of tree,

But covered a man of my own men with his rifle
cocked on his knee.

If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in
a row :

If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held
it high,

The kite that whistles above us now were gorged
till she could not fly."

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "Do good to
bird and beast,

But count who comes for the broken meats before
thou makest a feast.

If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my
bones away,

Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than
a thief could pay.

They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their
men on the garnered grain ;

The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when
all the cattle are slain.

But if thou thinkest the price be fair,— thy brethren
wait to sup —

The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,— howl, dog,
and call them up !

And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and
gear and stack,

Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my
own way back !"

The Ballad of the East and West

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon
his feet.

“No talk shall be of dogs,” said he, “when wolf
and gray wolf meet.

May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or
breath;

What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at
the dawn with Death?”

Lightly answered the Colonel’s son: “I hold by the
blood of my clan:

Take up the mare for my father’s gift — by God,
she has carried a man!”

The red mare ran to the Colonel’s son, and muzzled
against his breast.

“We be two strong men,” said Kamal then, “but
she loveth the younger best.

So shall she go with a lifter’s dower, my turquoise-
studded rein,

My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver
stirrups twain.”

The Colonel’s son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end.

“Ye have taken the one from a foe,” said he; “will
ye take the mate from a friend?”

“A gift for a gift,” said Kamal straight; “a limb for
the risk of a limb.

Thy father hath sent his son to me — I’ll send my
son to him!”

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from
a mountain-crest —

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked
like a lance in rest.

Later Verses

“Now, here is thy master,” Kamal said, “who leads
a troop of the Guides,
And thou must ride at his left side, as shield on
shoulder rides.
Till Death or I cut loose the tie at camp, and board
and bed,
Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
So thou must eat the White Queen’s meat, and all
her foes are thine,
And thou must harry thy father’s hold for the peace
at the Border-line;
And thou must make a trooper tough, and hack thy
way to power —
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am
hanged in Peshawur.”

They have looked each other between the eyes, and
there they found no fault;
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood
on leavened bread and salt;
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on
fire and fresh-cut sod.
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and
the Wondrous Names of God.
The Colonel’s son he rides the mare, and Kamal’s
boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there
went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty
swords flew clear —
There was not a man but carried his feud with the
blood of the mountaineer.

The Ballad of the East and West

“Ha’ done ! ha’ done !” said the Colonel’s son. “Put
up the steel at your sides !
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief — to-night
’t is a man of the Guides !”

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the two
shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God’s great
Judgment Seat ;
But there is neither East nor West, Border nor Breed,
nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they
come from the ends of the Earth.*

THE SONG OF THE BANJO

You could n't pack a Broadwood half a mile —
You must n't leave a fiddle in the damp —
You could n't raft an organ up the Nile,
' And play it in an Equatorial swamp.
I travel with the cooking-pots and pails —
I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the pork —
And when the dusty column checks and tails,
You should hear me spur the rearguard to a walk !

With my " *Pilly-willy-winky-winky popp !* "
(O it's any tune that comes into my head !)
So I keep 'em moving till they drop ;
So I play 'em up to water and to bed.

In the silence of the camp before the fight
When it's good to make your will and say your
prayer,
You can hear my *strumpty-tumpty* overnight
Explaining ten to one was always fair.
I'm the prophet of the Utterly Absurd,
Of the Patently Impossible and Vain —
And when the Thing that Could n't has occurred,
Give me time to change my leg and go again.

With my " *Tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tum-pa tump !* "
In the desert where the dung-fed camp-smoke
curled

The Song of the Banjo

There was never voice before us till I led our
lonely chorus,

I — the war-drum of the White Man round the
world !

By the bitter road the Younger Son must tread,
Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own —
' Mid the riot of the shearers at the shed,
In the silence of the herder's hut alone —
In the twilight, on a bucket upside down,
Hear me babble what the weakest won't con-
fess —

I am Memory and Torment — I am Town !
I am all that ever went with evening dress.

With my "*Tunk-a tunka-tunka-tunka-tunk !*"
(So the lights — the London lights — grow near
and plain !)
So I rowel 'em afresh towards the Devil and the
Flesh,
Till I bring my broken rankers home again.

In desire of many marvels over sea,
Where the new-raised tropic city sweats and
roars,
I have sailed with Young Ulysses from the quay
Till the anchor rumbled down on stranger shores.
He is blooded to the open and the sky,
He is taken in a snare that shall not fail,
He shall hear me singing strongly, till he die,
Like the shouting of a backstay in a gale.

Later Verses

With my "*Hya! Heeya! Heeya! Hullah!
Haul!*"

(O the green that thunders aft along the deck!)
Are you sick o' towns and men? You must sign
and sail again,

For it's "Johnny Bowlegs, pack your kit and
trek!"

Through the gorge that gives the stars at noon-day
clear—

Up the pass that packs the scud beneath our
wheel—

Round the bluff that sinks her thousand fathom
sheer—

Down the valley with our guttering brakes as-
queal;

Where the trestle groans and quivers in the snow,

Where the many-shedded levels loop and twine,
So I lead my reckless children from below
Till we sing the Song of Roland to the pine.

With my "*Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink!*"

(And the axe has cleared the mountain, croup
and crest!)

So we ride the iron stallions down to drink,
Through the cañons to the waters of the West!

And the tunes that mean so much to you alone—

Common tunes that make you choke and blow
your nose,

Trek : Track ; follow the trail.

The Song of the Banjo

Vulgar tunes that bring the laugh that brings the
groan —

I can rip your very heartstrings out with those ;
With the feasting, and the folly, and the fun —

And the lying, and the lusting, and the drink,
And the merry play that drops you, when you're
done,

To the thoughts that burn like irons if you think.

With my "*Plunka-lunka-lunka-lunka-lunk !*"

Here's a trifle on account of pleasure past,
Ere the wit that made you win gives you eyes to
see your sin

And the heavier repentance at the last.

Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof —

I have told the naked stars the grief of man.

Let the trumpets snare the foeman to the proof —

I have known Defeat, and mocked it as we ran.
My bray ye may not alter nor mistake

When I stand to jeer the fatted Soul of Things,
But the Song of Lost Endeavor that I make,
Is it hidden in the twanging of the strings ?

With my "*Ta-ra-rara-rara-ra-ra-rrrp !*"

(Is it naught to you that hear and pass me by?)
But the word — the word is mine, when the order
moves the line,

And the lean, locked ranks go roaring down
to die.

Later Verses

The grandam of my grandam was the Lyre —
 (O the blue below the little fisher huts !)
That the Stealer stooping beachward filled with fire,
 Till she bore my iron head and ringing guts !
By the wisdom of the centuries I speak —
 To the tune of yestermorn I set the truth —
I, the joy of life unquestioned — I, the Greek —
 I, the everlasting Wonder Song of Youth !

With my “ *Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink !* ”
 (What d’ye lack, my noble masters ? What
 d’ye lack ?)
So I draw the world together link by link :
 Yea, from Delos up to Limerick and back !

THE CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS

When the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's
 green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the Tree, and scratched
 with a stick in the mould ;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was
 joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves : " It's
 pretty, but is it art ? "

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to fashion
 his work anew —
The first of his race to care a fig for the first, most
 dread review ;
And he left his lore to the use of his sons — and that
 was a glorious gain
When the Devil chuckled : " Is it art ? " in the ear of
 the branded Cain.

They builded a tower to shiver the sky, and wrench
 the stars apart,
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks : " It's stri-
 king, but is it art ? "
The stone was dropped by the quarry-side, and the
 idle derrick swung,
While each man talked of the aims of art, and each
 in an alien tongue.

Later Verses

They fought and they talked in the north and the
south, they talked and they fought in the west,
Till the waters rose on the jabbering land, and the
poor Red Clay had rest —
Had rest till the dank blank-canvas dawn when the
dove was preened to start,
And the Devil bubbled below the keel : “ It ’s human,
but is it art ? ”

The tale is as old as the Eden Tree — as new as the
new-cut tooth —
For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows he is
master of art and truth ;
And each man hears as the twilight nears, to the beat
of his dying heart,
The Devil drum on the darkened pane : “ You did it,
but was it art ? ”

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the
shape of a surplice-peg,
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the
yolk of an addled egg,
We know that the tail must wag the dog, as the horse
is drawn by the cart,
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old : “ It ’s
clever, but is it art ? ”

When the flicker of London sun falls faint on the
club-room’s green and gold,
The sons of Adam sit them down, and scratch with
their pens in the mould —

The Conundrum of the Workshops

They scratch with their pens in the mould of their
 graves, and the ink and the anguish start
When the Devil mutters behind the leaves: "It's
 pretty, but is it art?"

Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where the four
 great rivers flow,
And the wreath of Eve is red on the turf as she left it
 long ago,
And if we could come when the sentry slept, and
 softly scurry through,
By the favor of God we might know as much — as our
 father Adam knew.

THE ENGLISH FLAG

[Above the portico a flag-staff, bearing the Union Jack, remained fluttering in the flames for some time, but ultimately when it fell, the crowds rent the air with shouts, and seemed to see significance in the incident.—*Daily Papers*. NOTE IN ENGLISH EDITION.]

Winds of the World, give answer! They are
whimpering to and fro —
And what should they know of England who only
England know? —
The poor little street-bred people that vapor and fume
and brag,
They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at
the English Flag!

Must we borrow a clout from the Boer — to plaster
anew with dirt
An Irish liar's bandage, or an English coward's shirt?
We may not speak of England; her Flag's to sell or
share.
What is the Flag of England? Winds of the World,
declare!
The North Wind blew: "From Bergen my steel-shod
vanguards go;
I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko floe;

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, wrote to Mr. Kipling praising these verses, and was pleased at the answer, which contained the sentence: "When the private in the ranks is praised by the general, he can not presume to thank him, but he fights the better next day."—*Tennyson Memoirs*, Vol. II, p. 292.

The English Flag

By the great North Lights above me I work the will
of God,
That the liner splits on the ice-field or the Dogger fills
with cod.

“I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my doors
with flame,
Because to force my ramparts your nutshell navies
came ;
I took the sun from their presence, I cut them down
with my blast,
And they died, but the Flag of England blew free ere
the spirit passed.

“The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long
Arctic night,
The musk-ox knows the standard that flouts the
Northern Light :
What is the Flag of England ? Ye have but my bergs
to dare.
Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for it is
there ! ”

The South Wind sighed : “From the Virgins my mid-
sea course was ta'en
Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,
Where the sea egg flames on the coral and the long-
backed breakers croon
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked lagoon.

Later Verses

Stayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer keys,
I waked the palms to laughter — I tossed the scud in
the breeze —

Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English flag
was flown.

“ I have wrenched it free from the halliard to hang
for a wisp on the Horn ;

I have chased it north to the Lizard — ribboned and
rolled and torn ;

I have spread its fold o'er the dying, adrift in a hope-
less sea ;

I have hurled it swift on the slaver, and seen the
slave set free,

“ My basking sunfish know it, and wheeling albatross,
Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the
Southern Cross.

What is the Flag of England ? Ye have but my reefs
to dare,

Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth, for it is
there ! ”

The East Wind roared : “ From the Kuriles, the
Bitter Seas, I come,

And me men call the Home-Wind, for I bring the
English home.

Look — look well to your shipping ! By the breath of
my mad typhoon

I swept your close-packed Praya and beached your
best at Kowloon !

The English Flag

“The reeling junks behind me and the racing seas
before,

I raped your richest roadstead — I plundered Sing-
apore !

I set my hand on the Hoogli: as a hooded snake she rose,
And I flung your stoutest steamers to roost with the
startled crows.

“Never the Lotos closes, never the wild fowl wake,
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for
England’s sake —

Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or maid —
Because on the bones of the English the English Flag
is stayed.

“The desert-dust hath dimmed it, the flying wild-ass
knows

The scared white leopard winds it across the taintless
snows.

What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my sun
to dare,

Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for it is
there !”

The West Wind called : “In squadrons the thought-
less galleons fly

That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred people
die.

They make my might their porter, they make my
house their path,

Till I loose my neck from their rudder and overwhelm
them all in my wrath.

Later Verses

“ I draw the gliding fog-bank as a snake is drawn
from the hole ;
They bellow one to the other, the frightened shipbells
toll,
For day is a drifting terror till I raise the shroud with
my breath,
And they see strange bows above them and the two
go locked to death.

“ But whether in calm or wrack-wreath, whether by
dark or day,
I heave them whole to the conger or rip their plates
away,
First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking sky,
Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag goes by.

‘ The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it — the frozen
dews have kissed —
The naked stars have seen it, a fellow-star in the mist.
What is the Flag of England ? Ye have but my
breath to dare,
Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for it is
there ! ”

QUEBEC

From my gray scarp I view with scornful eyes
Ignoble broil of freedom most unfree,
Fear nothing, Mother ; where the carrion lies
That Unclean Bird must be.

This stanza is omitted from the American editions of Mr. Kipling's verses, in "The Song of the Cities," and Quebec *and* Montreal given the latter's lines.

FOLLOW ME 'OME

There was no one like 'im, 'Orse or Foot,
Nor any o' the Guns I knew;
An' because it was so, why, o' course 'e went an' died,
Which is just what the best men do.

*So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me !
An' it's finish up your swipes an' follow me !
Oh, 'ark to the big drum callin',
Follow me — follow me 'ome !*

'Is mare she neighs the 'ole day long,
She paws the 'ole night through,
An' she won't take 'er feed 'cause 'o waitin' for 'is step,
Which is just what a beast would do.

'Is girl she goes with a bombardier
Before 'er month is through ;
An' the banns are up in church, for she's got the beg-
gar hooked,
Which is just what a girl would do.

We fought about a dog — last week it were —
No more than a round or two ;
But I strook 'im cruel 'ard an' I wish I 'ad n't now,
Which is just what a man can't do.

Follow Me 'Ome

'E was all that I 'ad in the way of a friend,
An' I 've 'ad to find one new;
But I 'd give my pay an' stripe for to get the beggar
back,
Which it 's just too late to do.

*So it 's knock out your pipes an' follow me !
An' it 's finish off your swipes an' follow me !
Oh, 'ark to the fifes a-crawlin' !
Follow me — follow me 'ome !*

*Take 'im away ! 'E's gone where the best men go.
Take 'im away ! An' the gun-wheels turnin' slow.
Take 'im away ! There 's more from the place 'e
come.
Take 'im away, with the limber an' the drum.*

*For it 's " Three rounds blank " an' follow me,
An' it 's " Thirteen rank " an' follow me ;
Oh, passin' the love 'o women,
Follow me — follow me 'ome !*

THE VAMPIRE

[As suggested by the painting of Philip Burne-Jones, whose mother is sister to Mr. Kipling's mother.]

A fool there was and he made his prayer

(Even as you and I !)

To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair

(We called her the woman who did not care),

But the fool he called her his lady fair

(Even as you and I !).

Oh the years we waste and the tears we waste

And the work of our head and hand

Belong to the woman who did not know

(And now we know that she never could know)

And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent

(Even as you and I !)

Honor and faith and a sure intent

(And it was n't the least what the lady meant),

But a fool must follow his natural bent

(Even as you and I !).

Oh the toil we lost and the spoil we lost

And the excellent things we planned

Belong to the woman who didn't know why

(And now we know she never knew why)

And did not understand.

The Vampire

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
 (Even as you and I!)
Which she might have seen when she threw him
 aside —
(But it is n't on record the lady tried)
So some of him lived but the most of him died —
 (Even as you and I!).

But it is n't the shame and it is n't the blame
 That stings like a white-hot brand.
It's coming to know that she never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never know why)
 And never could understand.

ROUTE MARCHIN'

We are marchin' on relief over Injia's sunny plains,
A little front o' Christmas-time an' just be'ind the
Rains,

Ho! get away, you bullock-man! you've 'eard the
bugle blowed —

There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand Trunk
Road —

With its best foot first,

An' the road a-slidin' past

An' every bloomin' campin'-ground exactly like the
last ;

While the Big Drum says,

With 'is "Rowdy-dowdy-dow!"

"*Kiko kissywarsti* don't you *hamsher argy jow*?"

Oh, there's them Injian temples to admire when you
see ;

There's the peacock round the corner an' the monkey
up the tree ;

An' there's that rummy silver-grass a-wavin' in the
wind,

An' the old Grand Trunk a-trailin' like a rifle-sling
be'ind.

While it's best foot first, etc.

Kiko kissywarsti : A profane intensive, equivalent to "Why in h—!"
Hamsher argy jow : Don't you "get on!"

Route Marchin'

At half-past five's Revelly, an' our tents they down
must come,

Like a lot 'o button mushrooms when you pick 'em up
at 'ome.

But it's over in a minute, an' at six the column starts,
While the women an' the kiddies sit an shiver in the
carts.

An' it's best foot first, etc.

Oh, then it's open order, an' we lights our pipes an'
sings,

An' we talks about our rations an' a lot of other things;
An' we thinks 'o friends in England, an' we wonders
what they 're at.

An' 'ow they would admire for to 'ear us sling the *bat*.

An' it's best foot first, etc.

It's none so bad o' Sunday, when you 're lyin' at your
ease,

To watch the kites a-wheelin' round them feather-
'eaded trees —

For although there ain't no women, yet there ain't no
barrick-yards,

So the officers goes shootin' an' the men they plays at
cards.

Till it's best foot first, etc.

Sling the bat: Speak the vernacular.

Thomas's first and firmest conviction is that he is a profound Orientalist, and a fluent speaker of Hindustani. As a matter of fact he depends largely on the sign language.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Later Verses

So 'ark an' eed, you rookies, which is always grum-
blin' sore,—

There's worser things than marchin' from Umballa to
Cawnpore;

An' if your 'eels are blistered, an' they feels to 'urt
like 'ell,

You drop some tallow in your socks, an' that will
make 'em well.

For it's best foot first, etc.

We 're marchin' on relief over Injia's coral strand —
Eight 'undred fightin' Englishman, the Colonel, *and* the
Band.

Ho! get away, you bullock-man! you 've 'eard the
bugle blowed —

There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand Trunk
Road —

With its best foot first,

An' the road a-slidin' past,

An' every bloomin' campin'-ground exactly like the
last;

While the big drum says,

With its "Rowdy-dowdy-dow!"

"*Kiko kissywarsti* don't you *hamsher argy jow?*"

"RUDYARD" AND "KIPLING"

[Several years ago, a western railway official, being an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Kipling's, named two stations in the upper peninsula of Michigan "Rudyard" and "Kipling," respectively, one being in the wheat lands, the other among the iron mines. When the poet learned of the compliment, he wrote the following lines.]

"Wise is the child who knows his sire,"
The ancient proverb ran,
But wiser far the man who knows
How, where, and when his offspring grows,
For who the mischief would suppose
I've sons in Michigan?

Yet am I saved from midnight ills
That warp the soul of man.
They do not make me walk the floor,
Nor hammer at the doctor's door;
They deal in wheat and iron ore,
My sons in Michigan.

O tourist, in the Pullman car
(By Cook's or Raymond's plan),
Forgive a parent's partial view;
But maybe you have children, too —
So let me introduce to you
My sons in Michigan.

THE GIFT OF THE SEA

The dead child lay in the shroud,
And the widow watched beside;
And her mother slept, and the Channel swept
The gale in the teeth of the tide.

But the widow laughed at all.
“ I have lost my man in the sea,
And the child is dead. Be still,” she said,
“ What more can ye do to me ? ”

And the widow watched the dead,
And the candle guttered low,
And she tried to sing the Passing Song
That bids the poor soul go.

And “ Mary take you now,” she sang,
“ That lay against my heart.”
And “ Mary smooth your crib to-night,”
But she could not say “ Depart.”

Then came a cry from the sea,
But the sea-rime blinded the glass,
And “ Heard ye nothing, mother ? ” she said;
“ ’T is the child that waits to pass.”

The Gift of the Sea

And the nodding mother sighed.

“’Tis a lambing ewe in the whin.
For why should the cherished soul cry out,
That never knew of sin ?”

“ Oh, feet I have held in my hand,
Oh, hands at my heart to catch,
How should they know the road to go,
And how should they lift the latch ? ”

They laid a sheet to the door,
With the little quilt atop,
That it might not hurt from the cold or the dirt,
But the crying would not stop.

The widow lifted the latch
And strained her eyes to see,
And opened the door on the bitter shore
To let the soul go free.

There was neither glimmer nor ghost,
There was neither spirit or spark,
And “ Heard ye nothing, mother ? ” she said,
“ ’Tis crying for me in the dark.”

And the nodding mother sighed.
“ ’Tis sorrow makes ye dull ;
Have ye yet to learn the cry of the tern,
Or the wail of the wind-blown gull ? ”

Later Verses

“The terns are blown inland,
The gray gull follows the plough.
'T was never a bird, the voice I heard,
O mother, I hear it now !”

“Lie still, dear lamb, lie still ;
The child is passed from harm,
'T is the ache in your breast that broke your rest,
And the feel of an empty arm.”

She puts her mother aside,
“In Mary's name let be !
For the peace of my soul I must go,” she said,
And she went to the calling sea.

In the heel of the wind-bit pier,
Where the twisted weed was piled,
She came to the life she had missed by an hour,
For she came to a little child.

She laid it into her breast,
And back to her mother she came,
But it would not feed, and it would not heed,
Though she gave it her own child's name.

And the dead child dripped on her breast,
And her own in the shroud lay stark ;
And “God forgive us, mother,” she said,
“We let it die in the dark !”

THE RIME OF THE THREE CAPTAINS

[This ballad appears to refer to one of the exploits of the notorious Paul Jones, the American Pirate. It is founded on fact.—NOTE IN ENGLISH EDITION.]

. . . At the close of a winter day,
Their anchors down, by London Town, the Three
Great Captains lay.
And one was Admiral of the North from Solway Firth
to Skye,
And one was Lord of the Wessex coast and all the
lands thereby,
And one was Master of the Thames from Limehouse
to Blackwall,
And he was Captain of the Fleet—the bravest of
them all.
Their good guns guarded their great gray sides that
were thirty foot in the sheer,
When there came a certain trading-brig with news of
a privateer.
Her rigging was rough with the clotted drift that
drives in a Northern breeze,
Her sides were clogged with the lazy weed that spawns
in the Eastern seas.
Light she rode in the rude tide-rip, to left and right
she rolled,
And the skipper sat on the scuttle-butt, and stared at
an empty hold.

Later Verses

“ I ha’ paid Port dues for your Law,” quoth he, “ and
where is the Law ye boast
If I sail unscathed from a heathen port to be robbed
on a Christian coast ?
Ye have smoked the hives of the Laccadives as we
burn the lice in a bunk ;
We tack not now to a Gallang prow or a plunging Pei-
ho junk ;
I had no fear but the seas were clear as far as a sail
might fare
Till I met with a lime-washed Yankee brig that rode
off Finisterre.
There were canvas blinds to his bow-gun ports to
screen the weight he bore
And the signals ran for a merchantman from Sandy
Hook to the Nore.
He would not fly the Rovers’ flag—the bloody or the
black,
But now he floated the Gridiron and now he flaunted
the Jack.
He spoke of the Law as he crimped my crew—he
swore it was only a loan ;
But when I would ask for my own again, he swore it
was none of my own.
He has taken my little parrakeets that nest beneath
the Line,
He has stripped my rails of the shaddock-frails and
the green unripened pine ;
He has taken my bale of dammer and spice I won
beyond the seas,
He has taken my grinning heathen gods—and what
should he want o’ these ?

The Rime of the Three Captains

My toremast would not mend his boom, my deckhouse
patch his boats ;
He has whittled the two this Yank Yahoo, to peddle
for shoepeg-oats.
I could not fight for the failing light and a rough
beam-sea beside,
But I hulled him once for a clumsy crimp and twice
because he lied.
Had I had guns (as I had goods) to work my Chris-
tian harm,
I had run up from his quarter-deck to trade with his
own yard-arm ;
I had nailed his ears to my capstan-head, and ripped
them off with a saw,
And soused them in the bilgewater, and served them
to him raw ;
I had flung him blind in a rudderless boat to rot in
the rocking dark
I had towed him aft of his own craft, a bait for his
brother shark ;
I had lapped him round with cocoa husk, and drenched
him with the oil,
And lashed him fast to his own mast to blaze above
my spoil ;
I had stripped his hide for my hammock-side, and
tasselled his beard i' the mesh
And spitted his crew on the live bamboo that grows
through the gangrened flesh ;
I had hove him down by the mangroves brown, where
the mud-reef sucks and draws,
Moored by the heel to his own keel to wait for the
land-crab's claws ?

Later Verses

He is lazar within and lime without, ye can nose him
far enow,
For he carries the taint of a musky ship — the reek of
the slaver's dhow ! ”
The skipper looked at the tiering guns and the bul-
warks tall and cold,
And the Captains Three full courteously peered down
at the gutted hole,
And the Captains Three called courteously from deck
to scuttle-butt : —
“ Good Sir, we ha' dealt with that merchantman or
ever your teeth were cut.
Your words be words of a lawless race, and the Law
it standeth thus :
He comes of a race that have never a Law, and he
never has boarded us.
We ha' sold him canvas, and rope, and spar — we
know that his price is fair,
And we know that he weeps for the lack of a Law as
he rides off Finisterre.
And since he is damned for a gallows-thief by you
and better than you,
We hold it meet that the English fleet should know
that we hold him true.”
The skipper called to the tall taffrail : “ And what is
that to me ?
Did ever you hear of a privateer that rifled a Seventy-
three ?
Do I loom so large from your quarter-deck that I lift
like a ship o' the Line ?

He comes of a race: Paul Jones was born in Kirkcudbright, Scot-
land, the son of a Scotch gardener.

The Rime of the Three Captains

He has learned to run from a shotted gun and harry
such craft as mine.

There is never a Law on the Cocos Keys to hold a
white man in,

But we do not steal the niggers' meal, for that is a
niggers' sin.

Must he have his Law as a quid to chew, or laid in
brass on his wheel?

Does he steal with tears when he buccaneers? 'Fore
Gad, then, why does he steal?"

The skipper bit on a deep-sea word, and the word it
was not sweet,

For he could see the Captains Three had signalled to
the Fleet.

But three and two, in white and blue, the whimpering
flags began:

"We have heard a tale of a foreign sail, but he is a
merchantman."

The skipper peered beneath his palm, and swore by
the Great Horn Spoon,

"'Fore Gad, the Chaplain of the Fleet would bless my
picaroon!"

By two and three the flags blew free to lash the
laughing air,

"We have sold our spars to the merchantman — we
know that his price is fair."

The skipper winked his Western eye, and swore by a
China storm:—

Learned to run: See Walt Whitman's "Would You Hear of an Old-Time Sea-Fight?" (*Song of Myself*, § 35) for an occasion when Paul Jones forgot to run. Whitman's mother's grandfather "old salt Kossabone," was with Jones on the "Bon Homme Richard." It is, perhaps, worth noting that the only way the British ever whipped Jones was the way he is whipped here — on paper.

Later Verses

“ They ha’ rigged him a Joseph’s jury-coat to keep his
honor warm.”
The halliards twanged against the tops, the bunting
bellied broad,
The skipper spat in the empty hold and mourned for
a wasted cord.
Masthead — masthead, the signal sped by the line o’
the British craft ;
The skipper called to his Lascar crew, and put her
about and laughed : —
“ It’s mainsail haul, my bully boys all — we’ll out to
the seas again ;
Ere they set us to paint their pirate saint, or scrub at
his grapnel-chain
It’s fore-sheet free, with her head to the sea, and the
swing of the unbought brine —
We’ll make no sport in an English court till we come
as a ship o’ the Line,
Till we come as a ship o’ the Line, my lads, of thirty
foot in the sheer,
Lifting again from the outer main with news of a
privateer ;
Flying his pluck at our mizzen-truck for weft of
Admiralty.
Heaving his head for our dipsy-lead in sign that we
keep the sea.
Then fore-sheet home as she lifts to the foam — we
stand on the outward tack
We are paid in the coin of the white man’s trade —
the bezant is hard, ay, and black.
The frigate-bird shall carry my word to the King and
the Orang-Laut

The Rime of the Three Captains

How a man may sail from a heathen coast to be
robbed in a Christian port ;
How a man may be robbed in Christian port while
Three Great Captains there
Shall dip their flag to a slaver's rag — to show that
his trade is fair ! ”

EVARRA AND HIS GODS

Read here,

This is the story of Evarra — man —

Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.

Because the city gave him of her gold,
Because the caravans brought turquoises,
Because his life was sheltered by the King,
So that no man should maim him, none should steal,
Or break his rest with babble in the streets
When he was weary after toil, he made
An image of his God in Gold and pearl,
With turquoise diadem and human eyes,
A wonder in the sunshine, known afar
And worshiped by the King! but, drunk with pride,
Because the city bowed to him for God,
He wrote above the shrine: "*Thus Gods are made,
And whoso makes them otherwise shall die.*"
And all the city praised him. . . . Then he died.

Read here the story of Evarra — man —

Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.

Because his city had no wealth to give,
Because the caravans were spoiled afar,
Because his life was threatened by the King,
So that all men despised him in the streets,
He hacked the living rock, with sweat and tears,
And reared a God against the morning-gold,
A terror in the sunshine, seen afar,

Evarra and his Gods

And worshiped by the King ; but, drunk with pride,
Because the city fawned to bring him back,
He carved upon the plinth : “ *Thus Gods are made,
And whoso makes them otherwise shall die.* ”
And all the people praised him. . . . Then he died.

*Read here the story of Evarra — man —
Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.*

Because he lived among a simple folk,
Because his village was between the hills,
Because he smeared his cheeks with blood of ewes.
He cut an idol from a fallen pine,
Smeared blood upon its cheeks, and wedged a shell
Above its brows for eye, and gave it hair
Of trailing moss, and plaited straw for crown.
And all the village praised him for this craft,
And brought him honey, milk, and curds.
Wherefore, because the shoutings drove him mad,
He scratched upon that log : “ *Thus Gods are made,
And whoso makes them otherwise shall die.* ”
And all the people praised him. . . . Then he died.

*Read here the story of Evarra — man —
Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.*

Because his God decreed one clot of blood
Should swerve a hair's-breadth from the pulse's
path,
And chafe his brain, Evarra mowed alone,
Rag-wrapped, among the cattle in the fields,
Counting his fingers, jesting with the trees,
And mocking at the mist, until his God
Drove him to labor. Out of dung and horns

Later Verses

Dropped in the mire he made a monstrous God,
Abhorrent, shapeless, crowned with plantain tufts.
And when the cattle lowed at twilight-time,
He dreamed it was the clamor of lost crowds,
And howled among the beasts: "*Thus Gods are
made,*

And whoso makes them otherwise shall die."

Thereat the cattle bellowed. . . . Then he died.

Yet at the last he came to Paradise,
And found his own four Gods, and that he wrote;
And marveled, being very near to God,
What oaf on earth had made his toil God's law,
Till God said, mocking: "Mock not. These be
thine."

Then cried Evarra: "I have sinned!"—

"Not so.

If thou hadst written otherwise, thy Gods
Had rested in the mountain and the mine,
And I were poorer by four wondrous Gods,
And thy more wondrous law, Evarra. Thine,
Servant of shouting crowds and lowing kine."
Thereat with laughing mouth, but tear-wet eyes,
Evarra cast his Gods from Paradise.

*This is the story of Evarra — man —
Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.*

THE BALLAD OF THE "CLAMPHERDOWN"

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown"
Would sweep the Channel clean;
Wherefore she kept her hatches close,
When the merry Channel chops arose,
To save the bleached marine.

She has one bow-gun of a hundred ton,
And a great stern-gun beside;
They dipped their noses deep in the sea,
They racked their stays and stanchions free
In the wash of the wind-whipped tide.

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown"
Fell in with a cruiser light
That carried the dainty Hotchkiss gun
And a pair o' heels wherewith to run
From the grip of a close-fought fight.

She opened fire at seven miles—
As ye shoot at a bobbing cork;
And once she fired, and twice she fired,
Till the bow-gun drooped like a lily tired
That lolls upon the stalk.

Later Verses

“Captain, the bow-gun melts apace,
The deck beams break below :
'T were well to rest for an hour or twain,
And botch the shattered plates again,”
And he answered, “ Make it so.”

She opened fire within the mile —
As ye shoot at the flying duck ;
And the great stern-gun shot fair and true,
With the heave of the ship, to the stainless blue,
And the great stern-turret stuck.

“Captain, the turret fills with steam,
The feed-pipes burst below —
You can hear the hiss of helpless ram,
You can hear the twisted runner jam.”
And he answered, “ Turn and go.”

It was our war-ship “ Clampherdown,”
And grimly did she roll ;
Swung round to take the cruiser's fire,
As the White Whale faces the Thresher's ire,
When they war by the frozen Pole.

“Captain, the shells are falling fast,
And faster still fall we ;
And it is not meet for English stock
To bide in the heart of an eight-day clock
The death they can not see.”

The Ballad of the "Clampherdown"

"Lie down, lie down, my bold A. B.—

We drift upon her beam ;
We dare not ram — for she can run ;
And dare ye fire another gun,
And die in the peeling steam ?"

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown"

That carried an armor-belt ;
And fifty feet at stern and bow
Lay bare as the paunch at the purser's sow
To the hail of the Nordenfeldt.

"Captain, they lack us through and through ;

The chilled-steel bolts are swift !
We have emptied the bunkers in open sea,
Their sharpnel bursts where our coal should be."
And he answered, "Let her drift."

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown"

Swung round upon the tide ;
Her two dumb guns glared south and north,
And the blood and the bubbling steam ran forth,
And she ground the cruiser's side.

"Captain, they cry, the fight is done ;

They bid you send your sword."
And he answered, "Grapple her stern and bow.
They have asked for the steel. They shall have
it now.
Out cutlasses and board !"

A. B: Able bodied seaman.

Later Verses

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown"
Spewed up four hundred men ;
And the scalded stokers yelped delight,
As they rolled in the waist, and heard the fight
Stamp o'er their steel-walled pen.

They cleared the cruiser end to end,
From conning-tower to hold.
They fought as they fought in Nelson's fleet ;
They were stripped to the waist, they were bare
to the feet,
As it was in the days of old.

It was the sinking "Clampherdown"
Heaved up her battered side —
And carried a million pounds in steel
To the cod and the corpse-fed conger-eel
And the scour of the Channel tide.

It was the crew of the "Clampherdown"
Stood out to sweep the sea,
On a cruiser won from an ancient foe,
As it was in the days of long ago,
And as it still shall be.

TOMLINSON

Now, Tomlinson gave up the ghost in his house in
Berkeley Square,
And a Spirit came to his bedside, and gripped him by
the hair—
A Spirit gripped him by the hair, and carried him far
away,
Till he heard, as the roar of a rain-fed ford, the roar
of the Milky Way—
Till he heard the roar of the Milky Way die down and
drone and cease,
And they came to the Gate within the Wall where
Peter holds the keys.
“Stand up, stand up now, Tomlinson, and answer
loud and high
The good that ye did for the sake of men or ever ye
came to die—
The good that ye did for the sake of men in little earth
so lone!”
And the naked soul of Tomlinson grew white as a
rain-washed bone.
“Oh, I have a friend on earth,” he said, “that was
my priest and guide,
And well would he answer all for me, if he were by
my side.”
—“For that ye strove in neighbor-love it shall be
written fair;

Later Verses

But now ye wait at Heaven's Gate, and not in Berkeley Square :
Though we called your friend from his bed this night,
 he could not speak for you ;
For the race is run by one and one, and never by two
 and two."
Then Tomlinson looked up and down, and little gain
 was there ;
For the naked stars grinned overhead, and he saw
 that his soul was bare :
The Wind that blows between the worlds it cut him
 like a knife ;
And Tomlinson took up his tale, and spoke of his good
 in life.
"This I have read in a book," he said, "and that
 was told to me ;
And this I have thought that another man thought of
 a Prince in Muscovy."
The good souls flocked like homing doves and bade
 him clear the path,
And Peter twirled the jangling keys in weariness and
 wrath.
"Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought," he
 said, "and the tale is yet to run :
By the worth of the body that once ye had, give an-
 swer,—What ha' ye done ?"
Then Tomlinson looked back and forth, and little
 good it bore ;
For the Darkness stayed at his shoulder-blade and
 Heaven's Gate before :
"Oh, this I have felt, and this I have guessed, and
 this I have heard men say ;

Tomlinson

And this they wrote that another man wrote of a carl
in Norrøway."

"Ye have read, ye have felt, ye have guessed, good
lack! Ye have hampered Heaven's Gate.

There's little room between the stars in idleness to
prate!

Oh, none may reach by hired speech of neighbor,
priest, and kin,

Through borrowed deed to God's good meed that lies
so fair within.

Get hence, get hence, to the Lord of Wrong, for
doom has yet to run,

And . . . the faith that ye share with Berkeley
Square uphold you, Tomlinson!"

.

The Spirit gripped him by the hair, and sun by sun
they fell,

Till they come to the belt of Naughty Stars that rim
the mouth of Hell:

The first are red with pride and wrath, the next are
white with pain,

But the third are black with clinkered sin that cannot
burn again;

They may hold their path, they may leave their path,
with never a soul to mark,

They may burn or freeze, but they must not cease in
the Scorn of the Outer Dark.

The Wind that blows between the worlds it nipped
him to the bone,

And he yearned to the flare of Hell-Gate there as the
light of his own hearthstone.

Later Verses

The Devil he sat behind the bars, where the desperate
legions drew,
But he caught the hasting Tomlinson, and would not
let him through.
“Wot ye the price of good pit-coal that I must pay,”
said he,
“That ye rank yoursel’ so fit for Hell, and ask no
leave of me ?
I am all o’er-sib to Adam’s breed that ye should give
me scorn —
For I strove with God for your first Father the day that
he was born.
Sit down, sit down upon the slag, and answer loud
and high
The harm that ye did to the Sons of Men or ever ye
come to die.”
And Tomlinson looked up and up, and saw against
the night
The belly of a tortured star blood-red in Hell-Mouth
light ;
And Tomlinson looked down and down, and saw be-
neath his feet
The frontlet of a tortured star milk-white in Hell-
Mouth heat.
“Oh, I had a love on earth,” said he, “that kissed
me to my fall ;
And if ye would call my love to me, I know she would
answer all.”
—“All that ye did in love forbid, it shall be written
fair ;
But now ye wait at Hell-Mouth Gate, and not in
Berkeley Square ;

Tomlinson

Though we whistled your love from her to-night, I
 trow she would not run;
For the sin ye do by two and two ye must pay for one
 by one."

The Wind that blows between the worlds it cut him
 like a knife,
And Tomlinson took up the tale, and spoke of his sin
 in life;

"Once I ha' laughed at the power of Love and twice
 at the grip of the Grave,
And thrice I ha' patted my God on the head, that
 men might call me brave."

The Devil he blew on a brandered soul, and set it
 aside to cool:

"Do you think I would waste my good pit-coal on the
 hide of a brain-sick fool?

I see no worth in the hobnailed mirth or the jolt-head
 jest ye did

That I would waken my gentlemen that are sleeping
 three on a grid."

Then Tomlinson looked back and forth, and there was
 little grace —

For Hell-Gate filled the houseless Soul with the Fear
 of Naked Space.

"Nay, this I ha' heard," quo' Tomlinson, "and this
 was noised abroad,
And this I ha' got from a Belgian book on the word of
 a dead French lord."

—"Ye ha' heard, ye ha' read, ye ha' got, good lack!
 And the tale begins afresh —

Have ye sinned one sin for the pride of the eye or the
 sinful lust of the flesh?"

Later Verses .

Then Tomlinson he gripped the bars and yammered,
 "Let me in —
For I mind that I borrowed my neighbor's wife to sin
 the deadly sin."
The Devil he grinned behind the bars, and banked
 the fires high :
"Did ye read of that sin in a book?" said he; and
 Tomlinson said, "Ay!"
The Devil he blew upon his nails, and the little devils
 ran;
And he said, "Go husk this whimpering thief that
 comes in the guise of a man :
Winnow him out 'twixt star and star, and sieve his
 proper worth :
There 's sore decline in Adam's line if this be spawn
 of earth."
Empusa's crew, so naked-new they may not face the
 fire,
But weep that they bin too small to sin to the height
 of their desire,
Over the coal they chased the Soul, and racked it all
 abroad.
As children rifle a caddis-case or the raven's foolish
 hoard.
And back they came with the tattered Thing, as chil-
 dren after play,
And they said, "The soul that he got from God he
 has bartered clean away.
We have threshed a stock of print and book, and
 winnowed a chattering wind
And many a soul wherefrom he stole, but this we
 cannot find :

Tomlinson

We have handled him, we have dandled him, we have
seared him to the bone,
And sure if tooth and nail show truth, he has no soul
of his own."

The Devil he bowed his head on his breast, and rum-
bled deep and low :

"I'm all o'er-sib to Adam's breed that I should bid
him go.

Yet close we lie, and deep we lie, and if I give him place,
My gentlemen that are so proud would flout me to my
face ;

They 'd call my house a common stews and me a
common host,

And — I would not anger my gentlemen for the sake
of a shiftless ghost."

The Devil he looked at the mangled Soul that prayed
to feel the flame,

And he thought of Holy Charity, but he thought of
his own good name :

"Now ye could haste my coal to waste, and sit ye
down to fry :

Did ye think of that theft for yourself?" said he ;
and Tomlinson said, "Ay !"

The Devil he blew an outward breath, for his heart
was free from care :

"Ye have scarce the soul of a louse," he said, "but
the roots of sin are there,

And for that sin should ye come in, were I the lord alone,
But sinful pride has rule inside — and mightier than
my own,

Honor and Wit, fore-damned they sit, to each his
priest and whore :

Later Verses

Nay, scarce I dare myself go there, and you they'd
torture sore.

"Ye are neither spirit nor spirk," he said; "ye are
neither book nor brute—

Go, get ye back to flesh again, for the sake of Man's
repute.

I'm all o'er-sib to Adam's breed that I should mock
your pain,

But look that ye win to worthier sin ere ye come
back again.

Get hence! the hearse is at your door — the grim
black stallions wait,—

They bear your clay to place to-day. Speed lest ye
come too late!

Go back to Earth with a lip unsealed — go back
with an open eye,

And carry my word to the Sons of Men or ever ye
come to die:

That the sin they do by two and two they must pay
for one by one—

And . . . the God that ye took from a printed book
be with you, Tomlinson!"

THE EXPLANATION

Love and Death once ceased their strife
At the Tavern of Man's Life.
Called for wine, and threw — alas ! —
Each his quiver on the grass.
When the bout was o'er, they found
Mingled arrows strewed the ground.
Hastily they gathered then
Each the loves and lives of men.
Ah, the fateful dawn deceived !
Mingled arrows each one sheaved :
Death's dread armory was stored
With the shafts he most abhorred :
Love's light quiver groaned beneath
Venom-headed darts of Death.
Thus it was they wrought our woe
At the Tavern long ago.
Tell me, do our masters know,
Loosing blindly as they fly,
Old men love while young men die !

THE BALLAD OF THE "BOLIVAR"

*Seven men from all the world,
Back to Docks again —
Rolling down the Ratcliffe Road,
Drunk and raising Cain :
Give the girls another drink
'Fore we sign away —
We that took the "Bolivar"
Out across the Bay !*

We put out from Sunderland loaded down with rails ;
We put back to Sunderland 'cause our cargo shifted ;
We put out from Sunderland — met the winter gales —
Seven days and seven nights to the Start we drifted.

Racketing her rivets loose,
Smoke-stack white as snow,
All the Coals adrift a-deck,
Half the rails below ;
Leaking like a lobster-pot,
Steering like a dray —
Out we took the "Bolivar,"
Out across the Bay !

One by one the lights came up, winked, and let us by ;
Mile by mile we waddled on, coal and fo'c'sle short ;
Met a blow that laid us down, heard a bulkhead fly ;
Left the wolf behind us with a two-foot list to port.

The Ballad of the "Bolivar"

Trailing like a wounded duck,
Working out her soul ;
Clanging like a smithy-shop
After every roll ;
Just a funnel and a mast
Lurching through the spray —
So we threshed the "Bolivar"
Out across the Bay !

Felt her hog and felt her sag, betted when she 'd
break ;
Wondered every time she raced if she 'd stand the
shock ;
Heard the seas like drunken men pounding at her
strake ;
Hoped the Lord 'ud keep his thumb on the plummer-
block.

Banged against the iron decks,
Bilges chocked with coal ;
Flayed and frozen, foot and hand,
Sick of heart and soul ;
Last we prayed she 'd buck herself
Into Judgment Day —
Hi ! we cursed the "Bolivar"
Knocking round the Bay !

Oh ! her nose flung up to sky, groaning to be still —
Up and down and back we went, never time for
breath ;

Later Verses

Then the money paid at Lloyd's caught her by the
beel,
And the stars ran round and round dancin' at our
death.

Aching for an hour's sleep,
Dozing off between ;
Heard the rotten rivets draw
When she took it green ;
Watched the compass chase its tail
Like a cat at play —
That was on the "Bolivar,"
South across the Bay !

Once we saw between the squalls, lyin' head to swell —
Mad with work and weariness, wishin' they was we —
Same damned Liner's lights go by, like a grand hotel ;
Cheered her from the "Bolivar," swampin' in the
sea.

Then a grayback cleared us out,
Then the skipper laughed ;
"Boys, the wheel has gone to hell —
Rig the winches aft !
Yoke the kicking rudder-head —
Get her under way !"
So we steered her, pulley-haul,
Out across the Bay !
Just a pack o' rotten plates puttied up with tar,
In we came, an' time enough, 'cross Bilbao Bar.

The Ballad of the "Bolivar"

Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder, we
Euchred God Almighty's storm, bluffed the Eternal
Sea !

*Seven men from all the world,
Back to town again —
Rolling down the Ratcliffe Road,
Drunk and raising Cain :
Seven men from out of hell.
Ain't the owners gay,
'Cause we took the "Bolivar"
Safe across the Bay ?*

AN IMPERIAL RESCRIPT

Now this is the tale of the Council the German Kaiser
decreed,
To ease the strong of their burden, to help the weak
in their need.
He sent a word to the peoples who struggle and pant
and sweat,
That the straw might be counted fairly and the tally
of bricks to set.

The Lords of Their Hands assembled : from the East
and the West they drew —
Baltimore, Lille, and Essen, Brummagen, Clyde, and
Crewe.
And some were black from the furnace, and some were
brown from the soil,
And some were blue from the dye-vat ; but all were
wearied of toil.

And the young King said, " I have found it — the
road to the rest ye seek :
The strong shall wait for the weary, the hale shall
halt for the weak ;
With the even tramp of an army where no man breaks
from the line,
Ye shall march to peace and plenty in the bond of
brotherhood — sign ! "

An Imperial Rescript

The paper lay on the table, the strong heads bowed
thereby,

And a wail went up from the peoples: "Ay, sign —
give rest, for we die!"

A hand was stretched to the goose-quill, a fist was
cramped to scrawl,

When — the laugh of a blue-eyed maiden ran clear
through the council-hall.

And each one heard Her laughing, as each one saw
Her plain —

Saidie, Mimi, or Olga, Gretchen, or Mary Jane.

And the Spirit of Man that is in Him to the light of
the vision woke;

And the men drew back from the paper, as a Yankee
delegate spoke: —

"There's a girl in Jersey City who works on the
telephone:

We're going to hitch our horses, and dig for a house
of our own,

With gas and water connections, and steam-heat
through to the top;

And, W. Hohenzollern, I guess I shall work till I
drop."

And an English delegate thundered: "The weak an'
the lame be blowed!

I've a berth in the Sou'-West workshops, a home in
the Wandsworth Road;

And till the 'sociation has footed my buryin' bill,

I work for the kids an' the missus. Pull up! I'll be
damned if I will!"

Later Verses

And over the German benches the bearded whisper
ran :

“Lager, der girls, und der dollars — dey makes or
dey breaks a man.

If Schmitt haf collared der dollars, he collars der girl
deremit ;

But if Schmitt bust in der pizness, we collars der girl
from Schmitt.”

They passed one resolution : “Your sub-committee
believe

You can lighten the curse of Adam when you’ve
lightened the curse of Eve.

But till we are built like angels — with hammer and
chisel and pen,

We will work for ourself and a woman, forever and
ever. Amen.”

Now, this is the tale of the Council the German Kaiser
held —

The day that they razored the Grindstone, the day
that the Cat was belled,

The day of the Figs from Thistles, the day of the
Twisted Sands,

The day that the laugh of the maiden made light of
the Lords of Their Hands.

THE LAST SUTTEE

[Not many years ago a King died in one of the Rajpoot States. His wives, disregarding the orders of the English against suttee, would have broken out of the palace had not the gates been barred. But one of them, disguised as the King's favorite dancing-girl, passed through the line of guards and reached the pyre. There, her courage failing, she prayed her cousin, a baron of the court, to kill her. This he did, not knowing who she was.—NOTE IN ENGLISH EDITION.]

Udai Chand lay sick to death

In his hold by Gungra Hill.

All night he heard the death-gongs ring

For the soul of the dying Rajpoot King,

All night beat up from the women's wing

A cry that we could not still.

All night the barons came and went,

The lords of the outer guard :

All night the cressets glimmered pale

On Ulwar sabre and Tonk jezail,

Mewar headstall and Marwar mail,

That clinked in the palace yard.

In the Golden room on the palace roof

All night he fought for air :

And there was sobbing behind the screen,

Rustle and whisper of women unseen,

And the hungry eyes of the Boondi Queen

On the death she might not share.

Suttee: The death by burning of Hindu widows on their husband's funeral pyre.

Jezail: Sword, scimeter.

Later Verses

He passed at dawn — the death-fire leaped
From ridge to river-head,
From the Malwa plains to the Abu scaurs :
And wail upon wail went up to the stars
Behind the grim zenana-bars,
When they knew that the King was dead.

The dumb priest knelt to tie his mouth
And robe him for the pyre.
The Boondi Queen beneath us cried :
“ See, now, that we die as our mothers died
In the bridal-bed by our master’s side !
Out, women ! — to the fire ! ”

We drove the great gates home apace :
White hands were on the sill :
But ere the rush of the unseen feet
Had reached the turn to the open street,
The bars shot down, the guard-drum beat —
We held the dove-cot still.

A face looked down in the gathering day,
And laughing, spoke from the wall :
“ Ohe, they mourn here : let me by
Azizum, the Lucknow nautch-girl, I ?
When the house is rotten, the rats must fly,
And I seek another thrall.

Zenana: Women’s quarters; harem.
Nautch-girl: Native dancing girl.

The Last Suttee

“ For I ruled the King as ne’er did Queen,—
 To-night the Queens rule me !
Guard them safely, but let me go,
Or ever they pay the debt they owe
In scourge and torture ! ” She leaped below,
 And the grim guard watched her flee.

They knew that the King had spent his soul
 On a North-bred dancing-girl :
That he prayed to a flat-nosed Lucknow God,
And kissed the ground where her feet had trod,
And doomed to death at her drunken nod,
 And swore by her lightest curl.

We bore the King to his father’s place,
 Where the tombs of the Sun-born stand :
Where the gray apes swing, and the peacocks
 preen
On fretted pillar and jeweled screen,
And the wild boar couch in the house of the
 Queen
 On the drift of the desert sand.

The herald read his titles forth,
 We set the logs aglow :
“ Friend of the English, free from fear,
Baron of Luni to Jeysulmeer,
Lord of the Desert of Bikaner,
 King of the Jungle,— go ! ”

Later Verses

All night the red flame stabbed the sky
 With wavering wind-tossed spears :
And out of a shattered temple crept
A woman who veiled her head and wept,
And called on the King — but the great King
 slept,
And turned not for her tears.

Small thought had he to mark the strife —
 Cold fear with hot desire —
When thrice she leaped from the leaping flame,
And thrice she beat her breast for shame,
And thrice like a wounded dove she came,
 And moaned about the fire.

One watched, a bow-shot from the blaze,
 The silent streets between,
Who had stood by the King in sport and fray,
To blade in ambush or boar at bay,
And he was a baron old and gray,
 And kin to the Boondi Queen.

He said : “ O shameless, put aside
 The veil upon thy brow !
Who held the King and all his land
To the wanton will of a harlot's hand !
Will the white ash rise from the blistered
 brand ?
Stoop down, and call him now ! ”

The Last Suttee

Then she : “ By the faith of my tarnished soul,
All things I did not well
I had hoped to clear ere the fire died,
And lay me down by my master's side
To rule in Heaven his only bride,
While the others howl in Hell.

“ But I have felt the fire's breath,
And hard it is to die !
Yet if I pray a Rajpoot lord
To sully the steel of a Thakur's sword
With base-born blood of a trade abhorred,”—
And the Thakur answered “ Ay.”

He drew and struck : the straight blade drank
The life beneath the breast.
“ I had looked for the Queen to face the flame,
But the harlot dies for the Rajpoot dame —
Sister of mine, pass, free from shame.
Pass with thy King to rest ! ”

The black log crashed above the white :
The little flames and lean,
Red as slaughter and blue as steel,
That whistled and fluttered from head to heel,
Leaped up anew, for they found their meal
On the heart of — the Boondi Queen !

FORD O' KABUL RIVER

Kabul town 's by Kabul river —

Blow the bugle, draw the sword —

There I lef' my mate forever,

Wet an' drippin' by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !

There 's the river up and brimmin', and there 's

'arf a squadron swimmin'

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town 's a blasted place —

Blow the bugle, draw the sword —

'Strewth I shan't forget 'is face

Wet an' drippin' by the ford !

Ford, ford, ford 'o Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !

Keep the crossing-stakes beside you, an' they

will surely guide you

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town is sun and dust —

Blow the bugle, draw the sword —

I 'd ha' sooner drowned fust

'Stead of 'im beside the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !

You can 'ear the 'orses threshin', you can 'ear the

men a-splashin',

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Ford o' Kabul River

Kabul town was ours to take —
Blow the bugle, draw the sword —
I 'd ha' left it for 'is sake —
'Im that left me by the ford.
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford 'o Kabul river in the dark !
It 's none so bloomin' dry there ; ain't you never
comin' nigh there,
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark ?

Kabul town 'll go to hell —
Blow the bugle, draw the sword —
'Fore I see him 'live an' well —
'Im the best beside the ford.
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !
Gawd 'elp 'em if they blunder, for their boots 'll
pull 'em under,
By the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Turn your 'orse from Kabul town —
Blow the bugle, draw the sword —
'Im an' 'arf my troop is down,
Down an' drowned by the ford.
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !
There 's the river low an' fallin', but it ain't no
use o' callin'
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

RECESSIONAL

A Victorian Ode

God of our fathers, known of old —
Lord of our far-flung battle line —
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — Lest we forget !

The tumult and the shouting dies —
The Captains and the Kings depart —
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget !

Far-called, our navies melt away —
On dune and headland sinks the fire —
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Ninevah and Tyre !
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget !

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget !

Recessional

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding, calls not Thee to guard.
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord !

Amen.

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KIPLING'S POEMS



S0-BAW-775

